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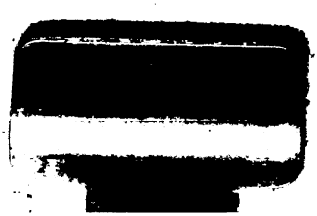
Miss Ridgdale.



WOMAN:

OR,

IDA OF ATHENS.

BY MISS OWENSON,

AUTHOR OF THE "WILD IRISH GIRL," THE "NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK," &c.

"Nul doute qu'on ne s'elevat aux plus grands choses si l'on avoit l'amour pour precepteur---et que la main de la beauté jetta dans notre ame les semences de l'esprit et de la vertu."

Helvetius, Discours 2d, p. 153.

"Si le desir et meme l'espoir de voir un jour la liberté rendu aux Grecs ne sont que des chimères, on doit pardonner ces douces illusions a ceux dont l'enfance a eté consacrés a l'etude de leur gloires, et a l'admiration de leur vertus."

De Choiseuil, Voyage Pittoresque, p. 8.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

Printed by J. D. Dewick,
46, Barbican.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IT would be offering the last degree of violence to feelings which the liveliest gratitude has animated, were I again to obtrude myself on public notice without betraying my sensibility to that public indulgence by which I have been already so highly honoured. I have, indeed, long and deeply felt it; I have been silent, but not unmoved; and, more touched than dazzled, the kindness which made me happy made me not confident. Oh! no: I mistook not for a moment the encouragement so

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seldom denied to youth and woman, for the triumph decreed to superior genius, or the plaudits that wait upon successful talent; and while it awakened my ambition, it strengthened not my timidity; while it stimulated me to deserve applause, it rendered me doubtful of obtaining it; and the careless confidence with which I gave the first wild effusions of my fancy to the "garish eye of day," when I was equally the world unknowing as to the world unknown, deserts me now, when, overwhelmed by the kindness that was meant to support, anxiety gives birth to apprehension, and I tremble to disappoint the expectation public partiality may have deigned to cherish in my favour: an expectation that sweetly flatters, while it awfully intimidates.

At once indolent and volatile in

my literary character, to the avowal of faults which may be deemed constitutional, let me add that those circumstances most favourable to composition, that unity of pursuit which concentrates the whole powers of the mind to one object, that habit of abstraction, with the independent power of indulging it (all so indispensable to the attainment of literary excellence), have never at any period of my life been mine.

I have already written almost as many volumes as I have years*. I

* The "Wild Irish Girl" was written in six weeks; the "Sketches" in one; and "Woman," though I had long revolved its plan and tendency in my mind, and frequently mentioned it in society, was not begun until the 20th of last July. It was written at intervals, in England, Wales, and Ireland, and almost always in the midst of what is called the world. It was finished on the 18th of October, and is now printed from the first copy.

have been necessitated to compose with great rapidity, and my little works have been always printed (from an illegible MS.) in one country while their author was the resident of another *.

May I also be permitted to suggest, that the reputation and improvement of an author have a no more dangerous rival than a heart which finds its feelings answered by the gracious attentions of that social circle in whose endearing orbit it loves best to move; for ambition, of whatever kind it may be, is but the result of accident and habit, while to seek the indulgence of the affections is an instinct of nature, and not to be counteracted in a cha-

* It is a fact that can be attested by my publishers that I never corrected a proof sheet of any one of my works, nor ever resided in England during their printing or publication.

racter on whose unworn feelings nature's own gloss still freshly hangs, by any factitious sentiment whatever, even though the spell of interest should govern its dictates.

I would not, however, have it supposed that by these suggestions I mean to excuse the errors which will doubtlessly be found through the following pages: I would only attempt to account for them. I come not to make a further appeal to the indulgence of the public, but to acknowledge my profound sensibility and gratitude for that by which the public have already so liberally and so highly honoured me.

SYDNEY OWENSON.

Dublin, November 18, 1808.

PREFACE.

In attempting to delineate the character of woman in the perfection of its natural state, I have chosen her from a country most favourable to those lovely and feminine attributes which interest the feelings of society, contribute to its felicity, refine its pleasures, and command its admiration. A country where the genial influence of climate, the classic interest of scenery, and the sublimity of objects with which it

abounds, finely harmonize with that almost innate propensity to physical and moral beauty, that instinctive taste for the fair ideal, and that lively and delicate susceptibility to ardent and tender impressions, which should distinguish the character of woman in its purest and highest state of excellence.

According to the testimony of all modern travellers, the complexional character of the greek women is now, as anciently, highly favourable to that poetic idea of female fascination so bewitching to the fancy, and to that moral view of female influence so gracious to the mind. But that nice power of developement

which would justify the intentions of nature in their favour, is denied them by the oppression of the government under which they live, and the ignorance of those with whom they associate. And many a fair Leontium, and many a charming Aspasia, may still exist in Athens, unconscious of the latent powers of their own ardent minds; and ignorant that creatures like themselves once gave the spell of sweet persuasion to the profoundest truths of philosophy, mingled the graces of love with the cares of legislation, and charmed while they inspired those who enlightened, while they commanded, the world.

The greek women are still love-

ly in their * forms, as those exquisite models of human beauty bequeathed by the genius of their ancestors to the imitation of unborn ages: and their playful † but indolent dispositions, their tenderness and their ardor, flow from the same source that lends their manner its animated softness, that gives their eye its languid brilliancy ‡.

* See the account of Metelin, by the right honourable the earl of Charlemont; Transactions of the R. I. A. 1789.

† Olivier describes them as being lively, witty, and epigrammatic in conversation.

‡ "Elles sont tres susceptible des impressions de l'amour," says Sonnini, "tendre, et passionée; l'objet aimé est toute a leurs yeux; aucune sacrifice ne leur conte pour les preserver; et elles sont en ce genre des vrais

I must also confess that the historic retrospect and existing political situation of Greece in general, and of Athens in particu-

heroïnes. Les grecques se distinguent en general par une taille noble et aisée, et par un porte majesteuse, leur traits (que la beauté dessine,) reflechessent les affections vives et profonde de la sensibilité, le calme de leur visages est celui de la dignité, sans en avoir sa froideur, ni le serieux; elles sont aimable sans pretension, decente sans morgue, charmante, sans affecterie: si a ces qualités brilliantes l'on jointe l'elevation dans les idées, la chaleur dans les expressions, ces elans de la simple et naive eloquence, qui enchante et entraine, un entiere divouement aux personnes cheris, l'exactitude et la fidelité dans les devoirs; on aura quelque idée de ces etres privilegées dont la nature dans sa munificence a décoré la terre, et qui ne sont pas rare dans la Grèce."

har, held out a lure to the imagination, which I found too difficult to resist.

To that country in which the light of political prosperity shines with a pure and cloudless lustre, the heart of the philanthropist will impulsively turn with beneficent satisfaction; but the nation which mourns over its sufferings, without the power to redress its wrongs, which faintly struggles in an interval of hope against that oppression which would impose a permanent despair, must eventually give rise to a romance of incident, to a boldness of character, and a vicissitude of event, which bestows on the wildest fiction of the novelist the sanction of

probability and the authority of fact.

The stoicism of a philosophy which establishes its doctrine by mathematical demonstration, will smile at an enthusiasm which seduces the fancy and the heart to scenes so sacred to the visions and the sentiments of both; but surely to that high feeling of the soul called sensibility, to that high faculty of the mind termed genius, Athens, in the recollection of what it once was, and in the consideration of what it now is, must ever present an object of touching, of lively, and profound interest: and its ruins, as they rise grandly, yet mournfully on the eye, will still appear like fu-

nereal monuments, erected by the gratitude of a great nation to the genius and the efforts of those who lived to accomplish her glory, and died to confirm and to preserve her freedom.

In describing among the athenians of the present day some men capable of recalling the memory of their ancestors, I am sanctioned by the authority of those modern travellers, whose united testimonies present a beautiful political problem for the solution of those who seek for moral effects in natural causes, and who endeavour to explore or ascertain the source and nature of those springs which give the dominant impulse to national character. It would ap-

pear, from the example in question, that the effects of a good government in the first institution of a society, like the first impressions received in the early period of life, are never wholly to be obliterated; and so inherent was the love of civil liberty to the Athenians, that at a period when they were but gradually coalescing and forming themselves into a state, when the idea of a social compact must have been but vaguely received, and rather felt in its progressive consequences than understood in its final result; we find their patriot king * submitting to the influence of a popular feeling,

* Theseus

and laying aside his regal character to become an humble citizen of the commonwealth *.

Through every successive epoch in athenian story, we behold this disposition to civil and natural liberty operating on the temper of the government, and regulating its decrees. The power of the decennial archons daily limited, was at last reduced from the duration of ten years to one: the influence of the Pisistratidæ, at first so powerful, was soon found insupportable; the persian host was defeated at Salamis; Greece

* Homer in his catalogue of ships, gives the name of the *people* to the athenians only.

was redeemed at Platæa; and Athens, erecting the standard of liberty even on the enslaved borders of Egypt, counted under her dominion a thousand tributary cities *. Again, when tyranny arose from the anarchical impulse which public misfortune had awakened, we behold the yoke of oppression endured only while the delirium lasted; the elected favourite of the people was then recalled, and the hydra, beneath whose fangs it fled, was annihilated †.

* According to Aristophanes.

† After the failure of Nicias in Sicily, Alcibiades, who was placed at the head of the Athenians, destroyed the tyranny of the god.

After a brief cessation of public calamity, when a Spartan conqueror trampled on every law of right, and violated every feeling of humanity, the athenians still rallied round the torn banner of their country's freedom, and led on by one of * their own citizens, redeemed that country they were so worthy to possess.

Still in the slow progress of their decline we behold them revolting from the influence of the Macedonians, opposing the tyranny revived by Antipater, restoring their democracy under Demetrius Poliorcetes, resisting the power of Antigonus, and rather betrayed than vanquished by the

* Thrasybulus.

Romans; still considering their masters as their allies, and giving the hue of freedom even to that slavery to which a series of misfortunes, and spirits broken to submission, gradually reduced them. Even yet the pulse of patriotism had not wholly ceased to throb; the tyranny of Scylla and of the Cæsars revived its languid palpitation; and with that love of a popular government which ever distinguished them, they fought for the freedom of other countries when they could no longer support their own; they assisted Pompey, they joined Brutus, and placed the statue of the Roman patriot between the worshipped images of their own Harmodius

and Aristogiton. Venerated by Trajan, favoured by Adrian, a transient renovation of their ancient virtue could not save them; and, finally sharing the ruin of the eastern empire, Athens, with the rest of Greece, fell, by the conquests of the victorious Mahomet II., under the dominion of the turks. Dark was the cloud which from that moment hung its impenetrable veil over the faded lustre of one of the most renowned and glorious nations of the earth; nor until ages had passed away with the "years beyond the flood" was Athens heard of, until the wars between the Italians and the Porte revived in the recollection of Europe that consecrated spot

from which it drew the source of all its arts, its learning, and its science. It was reserved for the rude descendants of those barbarous Scythians (looked on by the ancient greeks with such profound contempt) to arouse their descendants from the gloomy dream of their long endured captivity; and to give a vigorous impulse to feelings, not chilled in their complexional ardour, but estranged from their high and native bias by ignorance and by oppression. It was the Russians who determined on ravishing the classic isles of the Egean and the continent of Greece from the Porte; and, as they asserted, of restor-

ing the republics of Solon and Lycurgus. They indeed found no difficulty in inspiriting the greeks in defence of their natural rights, and for the recovery of their ancient liberties. The same love of freedom, the same vivacity of feeling, and ardour of enthusiasm, was found among many of the oppressed descendants of the heroes of Marathon and Platæa as distinguished their immortal ancestors; and, when their eager eyes beheld the russian fleet doubling cape Matapan, the Archipelago thought itself free. A beam of their ancient glory seemed to shine on the brow, and warm the heart of the greek patriot; but the beam,

though bright, was illusory; and, like the faint, dissolving lustre of an autumnal iris, it died away in clouds and storms. Deserted by their allies, subdued by their tyrants, the patriots of Greece were only rescued from national slavery by the victorious sabres of those who imposed it. Thousands were massacred; and it was a point in debate in the ottoman council whether the whole race should not be exterminated.

It is on historic documents such as these that I have ventured to depict incidents of heroism and sentiments of patriotism, as still existing among the greeks. And that I have supposed, to use their own touching and pathetic

words, " That in Greece is still to be found a people glowing with the love of freedom, whom the iron yoke of barbarism has not quite degraded, and who have constantly before their eyes the images of their heroes, by whose example their warriors are still to be animated*.

It is indeed certain that the victim is still the most restless that bleeds under the sharpest goad; and abused authority, producing individual misery, inevitably awakens public and general resistance, and finally subverts the very power it was meant to aggrandize. But

* See the memorial of the patriot greeks in the Life of Catherine of Russia.

history, the experience of ages, and the fall of empires, in vain hold out their great example to existing states: in vain they teach that the law of man should still be regulated by the law of nature; that the ruin of the many must inevitably recoil on the few who have occasioned it; and that the prejudice, the obstinacy, or crime, of all rulers are finally retributed by those who have long languished and keenly suffered from their fatal influence.

Thus, in the great revolution which attends all sublunary events, Athens may again possess her Pericles; Sparta boast of her Leonidas, and the descendants of the ottoman race bow to the supre-

macy of that nation whom they have oppressed into a resistance which nature is sure to dictate, when violated in her dearest rights and finest feelings.

WOMAN;

OR,

IDA OF ATHENS.

ATHENS.

It was the feast of the great Bairam! A dervise had asserted, according to the most tremendous dogma of his religion, that the Bairam of 17— was FATED to be a celebration of uncommon festivity. Not a mussulman in the empire but evinced his faith in the prediction, by his individual efforts to corroborate its truth; and never, since the day of Mahomet II., when Greece resigned the last breath of that splendid exist-

ence which excited the wonder and admiration of a world, had the city of Athens been animated by a scene of such joyous revelry as the rites of Islamism now presented in its streets. "It is so written in the book of fate!" exclaimed the devotees; and evinced the fervor of their piety in celebrating the festival of their prophet by the violation of one of his wisest laws. Rude music reverberated on every side; peals of artillery were thundered from the citadel; and Nature, emancipated from the curb of Prejudice, borrowed from Superstition a temporary license for the indulgence of her own enjoying propensities. The greeks, who resemble their beautiful statues, which, though injured, defaced, and mutilated, still preserve the exquisite traits and delicate touches of supreme genius; the greeks, who are only *de-*

based because they are no longer *free*, and who have rescued from the virtues of which tyranny had despoiled them that exquisite sensibility with which nature has peculiarly endowed them; stunned by the boisterous carousals of their imperious masters, had retired within the solitude of their houses, after having paid that personal tribute which, at the festival of the Bairam, gives them so painful a remembrance of their long-endured captivity *.

An English traveller, who had but just arrived at Athens, and who had taken up his residence in the French convent of capuchins, had vainly endeavoured to fly the deafening noise of those zealous votarists who so "rudely thanked the gods amiss," where taste directed, where curiosity impelled: still it pursued him, amidst the ruins of the tem-

* See note (a) at the end of the volume.

ple, the gloom of the mosque, and the privacy of the church. Pre-existing causes of discontent had left the mind of the traveller nerveless, and rendered him incapable of supporting with patience a circumstance, which, under another tone of feeling, would have afforded him matter for amusement. He loved the ludicrous under all the various aspects, in which the folly and error of man exhibit it; but here the passion slumbered over its subject, and, attracted by the deserted air of a greek coffee-house, he turned round, entered its kiosk, and called for some refreshment. But no sooner had he flung himself on a mat, and raised to his lip the cup of mocha coffee presented to him by the host, than a band of janissaries assembling before the door of the vaivode (or governor) added their discordant strains to the accompaniment of in-

struments, shrill, stunning, and untunable. The delicately organized greek dropt the salver he held to the ground, and placed his hands on his ears; the englishman started from the mat, threw down a piastre, and rushed out of the house: to his distempered mind, to his heated imagination, the horrors of the wildest superstition of remote antiquity seemed revived. Bacchantes, animated with orphean fury, slinging their serpents in the air, striking their cymbals, and uttering dithyrambics, appeared to surround him on every side. Peevish from disappointment, overcome by heat, distracted by noise, he half meditated an immediate return to Venice, from whence he had but just arrived; and, as his only resource, determined on shutting himself up, during the rest of the loveliest day the lovely climate of

Greece ever produced, in a gloomy closet belonging to the convent of the French capuchins. What a retreat for one of the most profound, of the most tasteful voluptuaries in the world!

The englishman held a diplomatic situation at Venice, and in a moment of that depressed relaxation which in ardent characters so frequently and so fatally succeeds a more than ordinary tension of feeling and spirit, he sought a temporary change of place in the hope of effecting a permanent change of sentiment; and the exaggerated details of Carlo Stamati, a young exiled athenian with whom chance had associated him in Italy, lured his steps to Athens.

The taste of man is not to be governed by his will, or directed by his judgment; it is from those passions of his nature which have been

nurtured and cultivated by the habits and associations of his life, that his taste will receive its predominant tone. A classical education will not alone inspire enthusiasm for classical pursuit; and the ideas or the objects analogous to our manner of contemplating, or feeling, are those which must still awaken our interest, attract our research, and fascinate our attention. Stamati, the young exile, adored his country like a greek*, and praised it with the eloquence of an athenian. The englishman, who loved character, and was amused by traits of national vanity, smiled at his enthusiasm, and listened patiently to his endless details of ruined temples, truncated columns, and mouldering aqueducts. But when he climaxed his animated recital by describing the effects of that delicious climate which renders exist-

* See note (b).

ence itself a blessing; that delightful region, which presents so frequently those lovely forms elsewhere but ideal*; forms from whose exquisite and unrivalled expression the genius of Apelles and of Zeuxis drew their inspiration; then the delicate chord of a predominant passion was touched in its finest point of vibration: the devoted man of pleasure, the elegant voluptuary, extended mere attention to anxious enquiry: and he who was not to be induced to breathe the air which Socrates had respired, or to visit the tomb where Menander reposed, luxuriated in that enjoyment which Ionian gales might still bestow, and an athenian Aspasia might still possess †.

The Greeks love to madness. Stamati was a lover and an exile; and he ascribed to his country-women all the witchery of loveliness he had felt in

* See note (c). † Ibid.

the beauty of his mistress. The next day the englishman embarked on the Adriatic for the continent of Greece, and arrived at the Piræus on the first day of the Turkish festival of the great Bairam.

It was a grey, gloomy morning; massy clouds from mount Hymettus spread towards the shore; and the skiron, whose breath is stupefaction, sighed along the coast. A solemn silence, a gloomy desolation, reigned over that once splendid, celebrated, and crowded emporium. The mean warerooms of some french merchants, the solitary greek convent of the monks of St. Spiridion, with a few ruined columns and scattered fragments of ancient architecture, were all that now met the eye of that Piræus, to whose beauty and splendour the judgment of a Themistocles, the profusion

of a Cimon, and the taste and magnificence of a Pericles had contributed. That Piræus, where the spirit of Scylla had breathed its destructive influence, and where the classic enthusiasm of Cæsar submitted to the decrees of a barbarous policy, and suffered him to retrace those steps of Gothic spoliation which his ravaging predecessor had impressed.

The traveller stood before the door of a wretched mengilkane, or post-house, while his horses were preparing: he looked around him; then thought of Stamati's descriptions; remembered the proverb of the *Græca fides*, and smiled at his own credulity. Regardless of the tombs of Menander and Euripides that lay on his road from the Piræan gate, he hastened to deliver his letters of introduction to the superior of the capuchins.

Disgusted with the monastic gloom of

his new residence, he hurried to the city; but narrow streets, ill-built houses, poor churches, mean oratories, gloomy mosques, and dervise convents, were scarcely endured, for the sake of those matchless and beautiful monuments of athenian grandeur and athenian genius with which they were indiscriminately mingled; while the riotous carnival of the Turks distracted attention, and frustrated every observation which curiosity (even independent of enthusiasm) might have been induced to make.

The englishman, scared from the kiosk of the greek coffee-house, directed his weary steps towards the convent of capuchins.—A mind, devoured by discontent and apathy; a mind now immediately tinged with disappointment and disgust, threw its shadows upon every object. As he proceeded

through the temporary bisesteen erected in the Bazar for the sale of trinkets, jewellery and refreshments, an Italian renegado advanced, and offered to be his guide.—"Lead me," said the traveller, with a sigh, "lead me to the ruins of the Temple of Venus;" and they proceeded, the one detailing his merits as a ciceroni, the other unattending and silent, until they reached a mean-looking church, and the guide exclaimed, "There is the site where the temple stood; it is now consecrated to the Panaghea, or blessed Virgin." —He crossed himself devoutly as he spoke. The traveller shrugged his shoulders, gave him some money, and dismissed him. "And this," he exclaimed, "this is the renowned and splendid city, once the region of the graces; where the arts deified the passions in personifying them; and

where the most brilliant fancy received its glowing imagery from the most perfect model of human beauty!" At that moment a figure of singular appearance approached: it was a Turkish girl, who, availing herself of the protection of her veil, stole from the vigilance of her Kiaya Cadun * to witness the festivities of the Bairam. The veil, of a thick and impenetrable texture, descended from the head to the feet: it defined no proportions, it marked no form; two apertures made for the eyes were covered with a black gauze; all was graceless and undistinguished. What an object to one whose imagination was full of the beauties of the Anadyomine! Negligent of the *Carte-du-pays*, anxious only to escape the heat, the noise and tumult of the streets, peevish, disappointed, and unheeding, the english

* See note (d).

stranger wandered in an opposite direction to that which led to his convent. Already had he passed the ruined aqueduct of Adrian, and reached the stupendous columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, ere he had discovered his error; but the blue waters of the Engia still gleamed before him to guide his steps, while its fresh breezes tempering the ardours of the glowing season, seduced him to its shore. Amidst the still beautiful, still matchless, ruins of the temple of Jupiter the traveller paused, wrapt in wonder and admiration. Independent of every association of ideas, the gigantic height of the pillars, the beauty of the architecture, the harmony of the parts, the strength of the relievos, and the extent to which the fragments still spread, fascinated his attention and excited his amazement;

till the ardour of the sun-beams reflected from its columns, and the dust of its ruins, which a transient breeze dispersed in circling eddies, obliged him to seek the shade of a little grove, which stood alone and unparalleled amidst the unvaried sameness of the surrounding plain.

The olive grounds, which still form the opulence of the athenians, were to be seen to the north, spreading their shade till their grey foliage blended its sober tint with the mists of distance; but the grove, whose luxurious bosom opened to shade the fervid brow, revive the drooping senses, seemed like a beautiful exotic blooming in a soil foreign, but not ungenial, to its nature. It was so young, so verdant, it might yet be deemed little more than a plantation; and though it declined towards the Engia, yet a pure and brilliant

stream, drawn from the exhausted source of the classic Ilyssus, bathed the roots of its trees; or, lodging in little rocky cavities, trickled from its recesses with a murmur that at once allured and chased repose, that soothed the mind without lulling the imagination. This grove seemed to assemble whatever was most delicious, most worthy of admiration in the eastern and western world; and the produce of the rich soil of oriental Turkey mingled their gay and blooming beauties with the more vigorous offspring of European Greece. The flowers of the spreading agnus castus mingled their fragrance with the pomegranate of Shemlek; the Asiatic andrachne reared its smooth, red trunk; and blossoms of brilliant scarlet, amidst the dark green of the lofty Turkey-oak, and the golden clusters of the

eastern spartium, gleamed amidst the fragrant foliage of the cedrat, the most elegant shrub of the Levant;—while to sounds of discord and tumult succeeded the chirping chorus of the summer locusts, or the sweet note of the Aidoni or Natolian nightingale. Man is so much the creature of situation, so dependent on the tone of his natural for the enjoyments of his mental being, that the scene which glows, the odour which intoxicates, the sound which ravishes, have each a power no strength of intellect can resist; and sorrow is soothed, and bliss exalted, as external objects play on the imagination, or influence the senses.

Already the susceptible englishman had deferred his return to Venice by another day, when the haunt of his delightful and delighted wanderings, changing its aspect without losing any

thing of its charm, seemed to smile into a luxurious garden. Sheltered by the fragrant summit of Hymettus towards the east, commanding a view of the savage rocks and towering fortress of the Acropolis to the west, and bathed by the incursive waters of the Engia, it surrounded a building of some extent; but of so detached and irregular a form as seemed to mark the different stages of architecture, and to unite, without blending, the different orders as they arose in Egypt, and terminated in Rome. The main body of the edifice was concealed by the intervention of the plantain and orange trees; but, emerging from their delicious shades, the antique corinthian portico, the modern grecian vestibule, and spiral turkish kiosk, displayed their different forms, erected of the finest specimens of the school of Phi-

dias *. Pillars, that haply supported the consecrated roof of a temple of Venus; beautiful metopes, that ornamented the frieze of the unrivalled Parthenon, and mutilated statues which at once marked the exquisite beauty of the model, and the supreme genius of the artist, were disposed of and mingled with a judgment that attested the supreme taste of the possessor, and left no regret for a spoliation productive of an effect so charming;—a spoliation, which rescued the most exquisite specimens of the ancient genius of the athenians from the depredation of domestic barbarism; and secured on their native soil the wreaths of ruined grandeur from the elegant enterprise of foreign taste; capable, as willing, to purchase the acquiescence of venal ignorance and gothic rapacity.

Curiosity, wonder, admiration, en-

* See note (o).

gaged the mind of the englishman. Was this the retreat of some athenian archon, led away by the passion so fatal to his unreflecting countrymen; who, indulging themselves in their hereditary taste for sumptuous villas, hold out a lure for Turkish avarice, which too frequently the life, as well as the property, of the imprudent greek, is forfeited to gratify *? Or was it the harem of some turkish officer of state, of the vaivode who governed the town, or the disdar-aga who commanded the Acropolis?

Without resigning himself to the vague influence of conjecture, without calculating on the danger of enterprise, the englishman advanced towards the portico that had first fascinated his attention. It was supported by fluted pillars of the corinthian order, its frieze was a bas relievo of the ancient greek

* See note (f).

dance of the "horai," or seasons; the lovely forms of the greek youths wreathed with the ivy and the vine, their arms interlaced, their brows crowned with the oak-leaf and rose, seemed still to celebrate the return of the sweetest of the seasons. This exquisite fragment might have been the work of a pupil of Phidias! Oh! it was impossible to dismiss the idea: it might have been the exquisite effort of Phidias himself. The portico only formed the entrance to an apartment, which on one side was screened by a gilt lattice-work, thickly interlaced with arabian jasmine; that at once diffused a mysterious obscurity and a delicious odour. The traveller gently drew aside the flowery shade, and the interior of the apartment lay exposed to his view. It was divided in the centre by a drapery, partly drawn aside; the remote division

was a bath; its bason, of parian marble, was supplied by a fountain, which poured its waters in a murmuring sound over the aquatic plants which crept round it; it was sombre and cool, and formed a relief to the exterior room, which was simple, though luxurious; the floor was covered with Egyptian mats; a few antique urns (such as are frequently to be found in the fields of Attica), filled with fresh flowers, and a small tripod and sopha, were the only articles of furniture it contained. The sopha, raised to a little height by a platform covered with persian carpet, was placed beneath a canopy, whose drapery of muslin softened, without excluding, the reflection of the sun; and shaded from its ardors, the recumbent form of a sleeping girl. She resembled, as she lay, the beautiful personification of Bashfulness by Corradini; for an

air of vestal innocence, that modesty which is of soul, seemed to diffuse itself over a form whose exquisite symmetry was at once betrayed and concealed by the apparent tissue of woven air which fell like a vapour round her. There was something so delicate, so ideal in her form, that the very drapery that veiled it seemed to partake of its aerial character; and her gently languid respiration alone, spoke her not a thing which fancy only had embodied. It was impossible to mistake the bella reposa.—It was an athenian girl, who, having recently taken the luxury of the bath, was indulging in the repose which forms so delightful a necessity to the preceding pleasure; breathing the fragrance of a perfumed atmosphere, enervated, but not oppressed, by its glowing warmth. The dream of her slumber, as it was reflected on her

countenance, seemed to steal its charm from the delightful sensations that preceded it; sensations only to be known in those climates where the enjoyment from whence they spring is at once a necessity and a pleasure; when refreshed, invigorated, yet involved in gentle languishment, a new consciousness of existence diffuses itself through the soul; while the fancy, delicate and pure, wanders through imagined worlds of bliss the realities of countless ages could not purchase.

Nature, always dictating ease, is always graceful. The unstudied attitude of the greek was curved in the true line of beauty; the arm which was thrown back to support her head, crimsoned the cheek that pressed its snow:—the arm that was thrown carelessly round her bosom was half covered by the redundancy of her

black and shining hair. Even in sleep a shade of sadness hung on the dark arch of her expansive brow, and seemed to extend its softness to the smile that played round her half-closed lip; languishment and repose breathed round her. Yet, even in the passive tranquillity of profound sleep, on her countenance was still effused the deathless expression of intelligence, feeling, and sensibility. At the foot of the platform sat a little black boy in the habit of a slave, and faintly waving in his hand * a fan of peacock's feathers, which wafted the air on the face of his sleeping charge, and diffused around the odour which he sprinkled at intervals from a ewer of rose-water; till at length, participating in the repose he had assisted to dispense, his head drooped, his eyes closed, and the

* See note (g).

fan fell to the ground. Light as was the echo of its fall, it chased the spirit of repose from the brow of the greek; her arm, liberating itself from its tender office, restored the crimsoned cheek to the pillow's swelling pressure, while her languid eyes, resisting the brilliancy of light, was shaded by the white hand now thrown across her brow. Changing her attitude from grace to grace, as indulgence dictated, or ease impelled, the variety of her gentle motions might have presented to the statuary the most beautiful, the most difficult, models for imitation; while the delicious indolence of doubtful sleep seemed still to struggle with the renovating energy of awaked intelligence. Happy state of indefinite existence! how perpetual the formless but delicious visions which live and die with you!—At length, weary even of repose, she raised her recumbent form

on her elbow, and holding back the dark tresses that shaded her face and neck, fixed her large, dark eyes on the face of the sleeping boy. A tender smile played over her features; some words of caressing fondness murmured on her lips; and, with an air of affectionate solicitude, she let fall the drapery of the couch around his form. There was, amidst the graces that accompanied this little act, an air of goodness which gave that perfect indication of heart, without which in woman no loveliness can exist.

At that moment a door, concealed by the curtain of the bath, slowly opened, and an elderly female, dressed in the matron habit of Athens, the garment of blue cloth, the high pointed cap, and yellow buskins, cautiously entered the room. The greek girl stretched out her arms to her with an air of childish, of infantine fondness, calling her,

"her dear paramana*," in an accent that explained the tenderness of the epithet. The matron kissed the hands extended to her, and presented a pair of little slippers; then drew a drapery across the lattice work to exclude the sun: the drapery excluded, also, the dazzled gaze of the English traveller.—The beautiful vision vanished! After the scenes, the forms, he had previously witnessed, could it be more than a dream! * * * * *

* * * * * *

"Oh! Stamati, thou art no greek! Far from possessing the high colouring eloquence of thy country, thy detail was lifeless, thy description cold!—What a creature! even in the torpid stillness of sleep what a countenance, what innocence, what decency, breathed round her, while pleasure and modesty might

* See note (h).

equally have caught a charm from her vestal form."—The englishman checked the rein of heated fancy; he dared not trust himself to dwell on an image that tantalized his feelings, and rendered him the dupe of his imagination. He endeavoured to dull its powers by reverting to the turkish incognita, and his meditated return to Venice; but the effort was vain, and he continued his apostrophe.—"Her beauty is not perfect, but it is at once luxurious and ideal; it is a form of fancy, a thought, an impulse; it blends the charm of woman with the airiness of a sprite. Here, then, is the mystery of attic genius revealed; and if the greek artist surpassed those of all other nations, it was the power of the exquisite beauty by which he was surrounded which, operating on the senses, the soul, and the national activity of spirit, inspired the

superiority of his genius. It was thus that those of their lovely compatriots who first served as models to their art were afterwards worshipped in their statues as the objects of their adoration: it was thus they gave the finest tone to their taste, the warmest enthusiasm to their devotion. Apelles! Praxiteles! it is to Phryne you owe that immortality with which your Gnidus and your Anadyomene have crowned you."

The philosopher would have found the genius of Greece in her study of nature every where revealed, every where unrestrained; the patriot would have sought it in the freedom of her government, and the happiness of her people; the man of pleasure believed it existed only in the beauty of her women.

The englishman had reached the extremity of the grove, and continued

his reflections as he walked through the pathway meadow which led to the portico of Euminicus. Admiration of the Athenian girl gave way to conjecture as to her circumstances and situation; she was evidently not the appendage of a turkish harem, she was probably the wife, mistress, or daughter of some greek archon. He smiled to think of the profound ignorance which probably accompanied this intelligence of beauty, of the want of that talent, that brilliancy, that feeling energy of character which (from an early association of ideas) he had always sought in a mistress, and would always have feared in a wife: he ascribed to her all the indolence, the inanity which so frequently distinguishes the character of oriental women; but still there was such a fanciful charm breathing round her, so much of spiritual beauty, so much of

the luxury of human loveliness, that he would not have given her a charm more or less than she possessed if he had been endowed with the power. Animated by that reviving spirit of gallantry which had lately suffered a suspension, and which habit rendered necessary to the happiness of his existence, he already speculated on the possibility of discovering his admiration to her who was its object, and of pursuing his adventure with advantage. Obstacles presented themselves but as stimuli; and the image of the sleeping greek grew with increasing influence on his fancy, as difficulties were opposed by his fears to the accomplishment of his hopes. Less attracted by the ruined portico of Euminicus, than engaged by the secret speculations of his heart, he was proceeding under the hill of the Acropolis to the convent of the capu-

chins, when a person rushing from beneath the arch of the Propylea seized him in his arms: it was the young, the ardent Stamati. The englishman was overwhelmed with salutations of kindness and of joy; a frenzy of pleasure seemed to involve the feelings of the animated Athenian. "Your felucca," he exclaimed, "had scarcely weighed anchor when a letter of recal reached me from Athens; it was the exertions of my kinswoman, the archondess, Ida Rosemeli, with the French consul (who governs our vaivode) that procured my pardon, and permission to return to Athens. Good heavens! I thought I should never have arrived!—what perverse winds!—what a miserable voyage!—You had not left Minglekhane ten minutes when I landed. Holy panaghea, what a moment! My mother, my old uncle the

ephore, with my beautiful kinswoman Saphyra, met me near the hill of the Museum. Oh! better be a slave in Athens than a king elsewhere!—What a tide of joy rushes through my veins! —Yet I am the most miserable of men!—Jumeli, my beautiful Jumeli! my lovely, faithless Turk, her whom I adored with my whole soul, she has fled in my absence, fled with my heart's best friend. No, no: 'tis false as hell; 'twas her father who propagated the tale, that miscreant disdar-aga, who has since paid the forfeit of his crimes with his life. It is a long story—another time you shall know all. But, Jumeli, thou wast sacrificed to the embraces of a tyrant; even now haply thou gracest the harem of the grand seignor." Tears gushed to the eyes of the enthusiast greek. The englishman attempted some words of consolation, and en-

deavoured to conceal the smiles these strong traits of national characteristic excited: that precipitant order of feeling which ever precedes reflection, that fervor of imagination which sways its possessor to the most opposite extremes of conduct and disposition, as the impulse of the moment governs, or the vision of the fancy directs.

"Well, well," added Stamati, drying his tears, and cordially pressing the hand of his friend, "this is no time for sorrow; I have been seeking you everywhere. I thought to have found you amidst the ruins of the Parthenon; disappointed, I was flying to the theatre of Bacchus; when it was my good fortune to meet you here. Come, you must dine with me: my mother is an Italian; you shall fancy yourself at dinner at the hotel François at Venice." He then twined

his arm in that of the englishman, and they proceeded into the town, the Athenian fluently detailing his feelings, and hailing every spot as he passed it; the englishman no longer annoyed by the tumult of the Bairam, and wholly devoted to the lovely subject of his recent meditation.

The father of Stamati had been a drogueman; this circumstance, together with his mother being an Italian, had introduced in their domestic regime a style of living seldom found in Greece or Turkey, except in the houses of foreign consuls or foreign merchants. The drogueman had died rich, and had left his son in comparative affluence, which the interest of his mother and the exertions of his friends had secured from Turkish rapacity, even when banishment had been decreed against him by the chief magistrate of Athens,

for a part actively taken in a recent political commotion of the greeks, supposed to have been instigated by the intrigues of the Russians.

If the englishman had sometimes been mistaken in the true object of enjoyment, his researches to obtain it had been unwearied, and his judgment, founded upon practical experience, was seldom at a fault; he praised, therefore, with sincerity, the delicacies of Stamati's table, and found another way to the good graces of his mother besides that of speaking her native language with elegant fluency, and praising her native country with animated enthusiasm. The popularity which Stamati had obtained among his unhappy compatriots would have crowded his house with those whose timid hearts in secret hailed his return, but the Bairam of the Turks in licen-

ing unbounded insolence to the greeks, confined the latter within their houses during the festival; and the restless Stamati, anxious to indulge his heart in the congratulation of his friends, proposed that the englishman should accompany him to the house of a kinsman whose villa lay nearer the shore. The presence of Stamati's mother had hitherto checked the solicitude and curiosity which eternally prompted the englishman to seek that information relative to the sleeping greek his heart panted to obtain; and he gladly embraced the offer of Stamati, as the most probable mode of forwarding views, to whose actual tendency he was as yet himself a stranger. Horses were ordered; and, in the mean time, the impatient Stamati paced the terrace of his garden, wandering from subject to subject of the most opposite

import with unwearied garrulity, till the arrival of the horses led him to speak on that which was the object of their visit.

" It is but just," he exclaimed, " that the archondessa Ida Rosemeli receive the first offerings of my gratitude; her, to whose exertions I am indebted for my present happiness."

" Is she young and beautiful?" interrupted the englishman eagerly.

" That is nothing, my friend! nothing in Greece! but she is the wonder of Livadia; surely all the world has heard of Ida of Athens." The englishman smiled, and shook his head. " Her extraordinary learning,— " continued Stamati; the smile of the englishman disappeared. It was impossible to associate the idea of a " learned lady" with the beautiful, the indolent, the pleasure-breathing greek: and Sta-

mati, as they rode towards the shore, continued, uninterrupted,—"her love of country, and her unequalled endowments! Oh she is a rare creature! Her father, my kinsman, Jani Roseneli, is of the *archontic family of Benengelos, which, with the exception of the house of the Lembona, is the most ancient and illustrious in Athens; he is, therefore, since the banishment of the last archon Lembona, (who was a true greek) the first man in Athens; he has several vessels on the † Black Sea; he trades all along the shores of the Levant, and rents a petty government in Thessaly. All this was well while his friend Achmet the late disdar-aga, and his stupid brother Mastappet, the valvode, governed. But things are changed in Livadia; and it is to be feared the prosperity of the archon is but the

* See note (i). † See note (k).

prelude to his destruction; he has, however, still one resource, the property of his daughter, which, though small, is secure in England."

"In England!" repeated the traveller. "It may appear singular, but so it is; you will be amazed to hear her speak English as well as you speak Italian, and you will be dazzled by the brilliancy of her talents, and the extent of her learning. Ah! my dear, my faithless, little Jumeli, thou didst not know a letter in the alphabet; and yet all the sages of the earth would say less in a thousand volumes than thou hast told me in one glance of thy large, black eye."

"Then, doubtless," returned the englishman, smiling, "the abilities of your kinswoman have operated as a counterpoise to her charms, and her knowledge of the alphabet has saved

the heads and hearts of half the young men of Athens."

"Pardon me, not exactly so; the sudden revelation of her charms at one time, procured her a crowd of admirers. It was one day that, to save the life of an unfortunate, (he was my friend, the friend of Athens and humanity), she flew to the mekkeme, or court of the disdar, and pleaded but too well before the aga. Her veil had fallen off; and a crowd of young greeks witnessed more charms than those her persuasive eloquence betrayed. But she resembles her native Hymettus, round whose purple brow a thousand insects hover, but are deterred from a too close approach by the too exquisite perfume its flowers exhale."

"And is there nothing," demanded the englishman carelessly, "no-

thing in Athens that resembles your own Jumeli, whose large, black eyes tell a sweeter tale than all your poets ever sung: and who does not resemble your Ida or your Hymettus, and deter, rather than seduce, by its superlative excellence?" "I know of nothing," sighed Stamati, with a desponding air.

"Nothing along this shore hidden from the world by the suspicious jealousy of a Turkish lover, or an Athenian husband; Oh, Stamati! nothing!"—"A little farther up the coast, indeed," said Stamati, "near the promontory of Zoster, lives my kinswoman Zapphira, a young and blooming widow; you may probably see her at the archon's." "And as probably we may not, Stamati, the promontory of Zoster is of no great distance." "True, and the gymnasium of our women is

always free of access to travellers and kinsmen."

They had now reached a projection of the coast which abruptly gave them a view of the archon's house; irregular in its form, and partly concealed by trees, it stood in the centre of a selvage of turf, of a beautiful sea-green, which equally harmonized with the tint of the distant waves of the Engia, and the verdure of a grove that rose behind it, resembling that which in the morning had seduced the steps of the traveller. Hymettus rose in full relief to the east; its conic summit crowned with odoriferous herbs, whose perfume the breeze wafted toward the shore; its sides hung with the fantastic drapery of the vine, which already displayed its purple clusters beneath a spreading foliage; numerous little bays urging

their waves in foaming eddies on the land, formed several miniature peninsulas, protected by masses of dark and shining rock, on which the rose-coloured nerii and verdant alia-marina were embossed; while clusters of the spreading rock-rose and cretan pink seemed to owe their cultivation to other hands than those of nature, and mingled their fragrance with that of the orange-flower and pomegranate.

"This place," said Stamati, as they approached the house, "was the retreat of an english philosopher, the kinsman of the archon, and is now in the possession of the archon himself. It resembles an Eden in a desert, and owes its singular beauty less to its natural capabilities than to the taste and care of its successive owners. There I trace the original designs of the philosopher; on this side the bold ideas of the son of his soul;"

and on that the delicate taste of the archondessa Ida. Oh, there is nothing like it in all Livadia."

"No!" returned the englishman; "but there is something that surpasses it, the paradise of a Mahomet inhabited by the loveliest of his houri." Stamati turned round for an explanation, but a slave appeared to take their horses; and they proceeded to the house.

"It is necessary that I should announce you," said Stamati, as they entered a vestibule ornamented with some beautiful relics of grecian architecture. "You will find Rosemeli the best fellow in the world, when the pride of the athenian archon, and the timid caution of the greek merchant, are discarded. Remain here: I return in a moment."

Stamati then disappeared, leaving the door of an interior apartment open as he passed it. The englishman amus-

ed himself in looking at the columns and inscriptions with which the hall was surrounded, till attracted by the flowers and fruits painted on the walls of the adjoining room, according to the turkish taste. The room was terminated on one side by a door of venetian glass, which, opening into the gymnasium, gave to his view the archon Rosemeli, surrounded by his family. The stranger gazed, unobserved by the interesting objects of his admiring contemplation.

The first salutations of kindness and affection had already passed between Stamati and his friends; and though they had resumed the respective stations his entrance had disturbed, their looks were still rivetted on his figure with all the cordiality of a joyous welcome, while they eagerly hung on some narration he was rapidly pronouncing in modern greek. The archon

was lying on an ottoman, enjoying the pleasures of the hookah; its amber tube * was placed in a crystaline vessel filled with rose water, which murmured to the rising smoke, while its fragrance mingled with the odour of the sweet gums and aloes, which burnt on a little brazier near him. His picturesque dress contributed to the interest his truly grecian form and features excited; and, though advanced in years, his quick black eye and marked expressive countenance betrayed the sensibility of character which distinguishes his nation, even under the stupifying influence of tyranny and oppression. Two boys, beautiful as the winged genii of poetic fiction, with no other covering than simple tunics of white muslin, lay on a carpet at their father's feet: the one had been engaged in stripping a he-

* See note (I).

ron's wing, with which the other feathered his fairy arrows. Their work was now suspended, and their eyes were eagerly fixed on Stamati. The paramana, seated on a cushion at a respectful distance, was winding some gold thread off the hands of a little black slave for the embroidery of her lady; that accomplishment anciently so prized, and still so indispensable in the education of a greek girl.

The archondessa herself, leaning over her frame, and sometimes interrupting her cousin by a few words softly pronounced, was seated with her back to the door; and even her figure, shaded by the drapery of her veil, left all to the imagination of the spectator, until turning round her head to caress a sicilian dove that nestled on her shoulder, the englishman again beheld the beautiful profile of the sleeping

girl. The pulsation of his heart quickened: he rejoiced that a moment was afforded him to recover from his surprise, to conceal his joy; and Stamati, advancing at that moment, led him into the gymnasium.

On the entrance of the stranger, whom Stamati had announced as an englishman of high birth, holding a diplomatic situation at the court of Venice, the domestics were dismissed; and the archon, rising with respect to receive him, welcomed his guest with all the courteous graces so natural to an athenian, and addressed him in Italian, sufficiently interspersed with French phrases to evince him master also of a language which was becoming that of the world. Then leading him towards his daughter, said, "My beloved, salute the illustrious friend of our dear kinsman." The ar-

chondessa arose; a shade of pensive sadness seemed to pass like a thought of sorrow over her brow, but her smile was not the less sweet, her blush the less warm: the bashfulness of habit evidently mingled its reserve with the graces of an elegant nature. Her glance, retiring, yet intelligent, was raised to the face of the stranger; and, bending her lip to the rose that bloomed on her bosom, she presented the flower thus enriched to the stranger, accompanied by the simple salutation pronounced in english, but with the accent of an athenian, "You are welcome."

The englishman unconsciously held the flower in his hand, his eyes still pursued the form of her who presented it. She had returned to her embroidery, and he was seated by the archon. He replied to the numerous

questions of the inquisitive greek, who incessantly addressed him; he returned the caresses of the playful boys, who clung fondly round him; but his thoughts, his glance, still rested on Ida.

Her form, her countenance, seemed to have assumed a new character since he had last beheld her. It was still nature, charming nature! but it was nature at once more awakened and more restrained. The beautiful proportions of her figure were no longer defined by a drapery of air; yet they were neither disfigured nor distorted by the snowy tunic, which, in veiling her shoulders and bosom by the simplicity and grace of its folds, gave to her perfect form the air of a fine antique statue; nor by the veil, so delicate and so dear to modesty, which even coquetry herself ever assumes with effect. No art was visible, except such

as was interesting and curious from being a national custom, sanctioned by a classic authority; for, like Aurora, the extremities of her delicate limbs were rosed with flowing hues; and her little foot, as it pressed its naked beauty on a scarlet cushion, resembled that of a youthful Thetis, from its blushing tints; or that of a fugitive Atalanta, from its height and delicate proportion.

The englishman gazed, till every sense seemed concentrated in one; till fancy tinged the object of his contemplation with something more than human, with that ideal charm which warms the poetic vision of the enthusiast, but which the most perfect reality of loveliness so seldom possesses. Mean time the charming greek, with all a woman's delicate intuition, who always guesses more of the admiration

she awakens by what she observes than by what she hears, betrayed her consciousness of the stranger's idolatrous gaze, with a modest *naïveté* that added a new charm to her beauty. The colour varied in her cheek; her eye, though downcast, was unfixed: now she raised her fine turned arm to chase away the sicilian dove that rested on her shoulder; and now, dipping her rosy fingers in a ewer of perfumed water, she plyed her needle with redoubled vigilance, evidently confused, but obviously not displeased. Her veil, now suffered to fall over her face, now impulsively flung aside, seemed indicative of her vacillating feelings, which the natural modesty, and equally natural vanity, of the woman alternately influenced.

Mean time, the athenians conversed with a vehemence and fluency, that

left them no room to remark the silence of the englishman, to whom they politely and frequently referred, but by whose decision they seldom abided. The grievances of the existing administration, the cruelty, the rapacity, of the turkish government in general, and the tyranny of the vaivode, and aga of Athens, in particular, were canvassed and condemned with imprudent freedom. Stamati spoke like a young man, whose patriotism was more influenced by his feelings than by his judgment; the archon, like an old man, who felt more as a partizan than as a patriot, and who had the good of his country less at heart than the success of the faction to which he had attached himself. The traveller, little versed in Grecian politics, but deep in the study of hu-

man passion, alternately sided with each, and with a certain ambiguity of expression, that flattered the opinions of both without ever seeming to oppose his own to either; while he smiled at the romantic enthusiasm of the one, and detected the intriguing spirit of the other. Mean time, he trembled lest the learning and cleverness of Ida should betray themselves in the course of the political discussion, lest an axiom should banish a grace, or an argument disfigure a feature. Genius, feminine genius, the offspring of warm feelings and brilliant fancy, he adored in woman, but at pedantry he shuddered. He was soon relieved from the hope of the one, from the fear of the other; for Ida, silent, or engaged in playing with her dove, or her brothers, spake in gentle whispers; and the english-

man, forming his estimate of female talents from the brilliancy which he adored in the French, and the cleverness which he feared in the English, smiled at the idea which the simple athenians entertained of a woman of genius; and, independent of her beauty, saw only in the intelligent and animated countenance of Ida the vivacity of the Greek, and the *naïveté* of the recluse.

The sun had now sunk in the Engia.—The archon arose, and led his guests to the kiosk, whose light and eastern architecture the englishman had admired in the morning, as he viewed it through the rows of the trees: it hung over the gulph, and admitted on every side the fresh gale of the ocean. Stamati pointed out to the stranger the views most interesting in the prospect, while the beautiful chil-

[redacted] of the archon gathered round their father, with all that graceful indication of fondness so natural to the greeks, with whom parental authority is but the influence of an ardent affection *. The boys played at his feet; and Ida, kneeling on a cushion beside him, her hands clasped in his, made those tender and solicitous enquiries after his health which his delicate appearance seemed to sanction. Slaves now appeared, bearing on salvers a slight repast, which was placed on the tripod that filled the centre of the kiosk; mocha coffee of the highest flavour, sherbet that might have passed for nepenthe, delicate caimac and cream, with the perfumed wines of Naxos, and the fragrant malmsy of mount Ida, filled the bowl; while the archon's

* See note (m).

sons, presenting a faithful image of the *train d'amour* of other times, served round the delicious honey of Hymettus; grapes newly gathered from the vineyard, and oranges, as yet unwedded from the flowery branch that bore them. Fresh perfumes were scattered on the air, and fresh aloes were burnt on the brazier, to revive the hookah of the archon.

It was now that the character of the traveller, like the flower of the arbor tristis, seemed to expand with the shades of evening. Intoxicated by the air he breathed, animated by the wines he quaffed, enchanted by the objects he viewed, the torpor of a first surprise, of a new born admiration, was banished.—A man of the world, a man of pleasure, and a man of talent! more master of the passions than of the heart, he blended in his manner elegant festivity, delicate pa-

negyric, refined irony, and polished address. The winning smile, the admiring glance, the minute attention, the ridicule, which amuses the present with the follies of the absent; and the flattery, which is always certain in its aim because always oblique in its application, were all his own. Every word tended to awaken that love, or satisfy that passion, for pleasure inherent to human nature, and every equivocal expression soothed the foible at which it secretly pointed. Aware of the national vanity of the athenians, he sought, amidst the few classic treasures he had preserved from his academic studies, for instances of the former splendor of Greece, the number of its heroes, the beauty of its women, the genius of its artists, the wisdom of its philosophers; and, while he lavished a boundless eulogium on the coun-

try he then inhabited, he artfully detailed whatever was reprehensible or ludicrous in the manners and customs of those nations where he had hitherto resided; while circumstances of ridicule, images of whim, or anecdotes of humour, passed rapidly before his awakened fancy; and, while he spoke with fluency in a language the most musical, the admiration he excited became at once the reward and stimulations of those shining talents and social qualifications so artfully and so eminently displayed.

But while his eye appeared unfixed as his thoughts, its secret glance sought in the countenance of the young archondessa for the impression he had made on her mind. The freedom of her attitudes, her unguarded looks, and eloquent countenance, betrayed even more than the penetra-

tion of the englishman could pursue or comprehend. At first, silent, and wrapt in ardent attention, her blushes and her smiles alone evinced her admiration, till sometimes a few words, timidly pronounced, seemed to assign a cause where the englishman had only dwelt on an effect.—Sometimes an idea full of attic finesse shewed by its delicate application, that even his sallies were rather humorous than witty; and, more than once, a repartee full of simplicity, while it delighted, intimidated, and sometimes prevented him from hazarding another propos, dazzled by a playfulness of fancy he so little expected to meet, and which he felt was even superior to his own. But again she blushed, was silent, and resigned herself to the infantine and indolent manner which peculiarly characterised her air and gestures; repos-

ing her head on her father's knee, she caressed the hand that played with her tresses, and, not unfrequently, a shade of thought passed her brow, as if, though gay and happy from nature, she was pensive, and reflective from habit. Mean time, the goblet began to circulate with increasing freedom; the greeks, still intemperate and fond of drinking to excess, reverted to political discussion, according to their usual custom when under the influence of inebriety *. The grand seignior was deposed, the kislar aga beheaded, and the greeks restored to their former political consequence in Europe.

Ida took a hint of retreat, from the sparkling eye and kindling vehemence of her father and kinsman. She arose, and, for a moment, turned

See note (n).

her timid looks on the stranger with an eloquent glance, which seemed to arraign that intemperance which prevented her enjoying the society of one whose conversation had afforded her so much pleasure.—Her glance was not lost, it was understood, it was felt: the englishman also arose, he ventured to take a hand, which instinctively recoiled from the pressure of his; and, presenting her a turkish guitar which lay on a sopha, said, "In the region of the graces, where every thing around me recals the days of Pericles, let nothing be wanting to complete the illusion."—Ida blushed her consciousness of the classical allusion, yet gently repulsed the instrument, and, taking her brothers by the hand, was retiring, when her father exclaimed, "Beloved of my soul, we cannot dispense with thy society: come, I pr'ythee, touch

the lyre, and give me the song thy father loves."

Ida sent for her lyre.—It was a simple instrument, but of sufficient compass to assist the voice, with an accompaniment. "I pr'ythee, archondessa," said Stamati, "let us have the charming little ode in which Sappho depicts the vigilance of her mother; I remember you melodized it before my banishment."

He presented her the lyre: she tuned it, but with some little hesitation, then struck a few low chords, and cast round a timid glance.—She sung; her voice was scarcely louder than a sigh, and her accompaniment was only an harmonic chord, swept at intervals*. It is supposed that something of the ancient greek song is still to be traced

* See note (o).

in the popular airs of the modern athenians.

Ida knew little of music as a science, but as a medium of sentiment, she had made it her study. Ignorant of its material part, its spirit was still her own; and, unpractised in that indefinite and rapid combination of sounds which plays on the sense, without reaching the soul, she possessed that power which gives a specific and individual expression; and, rendering an image or a sentiment in all its force, compelled the heart to hear the voice of nature, rather than the ear to follow the intricacies of art.

This was not the style of music on which the judgment of the englishman had been formed; but he thought the song, like the songstress, was in a class by itself; and there was in its feeling, in its originality, a charm which his

heart and senses acknowledged, though he understood not the means by which either had been touched. His applause was that which a delicate mind delights to receive; it was registered in his countenance, it was eloquent in his silence. Ida presented the lyre to Stamati, who sung, at once, a little scoliec or drinking song *, which he accompanied with the artless and unskilful manner of a greek, but which he sung like one who had resided in Italy. He was then, according to the custom at all modern greek festivals, joined in a lyric catch by the archon; and song and wine were still circulating when Ida, unobserved by all but the englishman, glided out of the kiosk, and appeared no more during the night.

* See note (p).

It was midnight before the intemperate greeks could be induced to relinquish enjoyments but too congenial to their social character, and luxurious propensity. The englishman was rather the guide than the companion of the inebriated Stamati, who insisted that he should become his guest from that night; and who rather declaimed than conversed on the miseries of his country, its superiority over every other nation, the infidelity of Jumeli, and the charms of his kinswoman.

"Charming, too charming Ida, thou art all that woman should be, lovely, tender, gentle, and obedient; nature in thee knows no restraint, nature in thee knows no severity; thy voice is passion, and thy song is love; in thee there is no chilling prejudice to vanquish; in thee there are no rigid principles to encounter; thy mind is

soft and lovely as thy person; and the pleasure that animates thy every look, the indolence that possesses thy every faculty, declare the object of thy being. Thou, the pupil of a philosopher, a woman of strong mind, and capable of great exertion for thy captive country, a banished friend! Ah, Ida! if either are destined to be thy debtor, it is to the influence of thine eyes and not to the power of thy eloquence their gratitude is due. Yet, whence that transient beam of bright intelligence that lights thy glance and points thy words? Whence that effusion of genius that, for a moment, dispels the infantine simplicity of thine air and manner? Whence that shade of pensive thought that clouds thy countenance, speaks a creation reflective as sensient? Oh! 'tis but the natural and exquisite sensi-

bility of thy nation, that betrays its influence even amidst the ignorance and error of slavery: — 'tis but the delicate organization of the Greek, that gives the seeming charm of mind to the Woman."

THE PROSPECT.

The next day, the Englishman having sent his servants and horses to a khan, or turkish inn, became the guest of the hospitable Stamati, and no longer fixed a day for his departure from Athens. Stamati, restless and agitated by the joy of an unexpected return to his country and his friends, proposed that his guest should accompany him through the town; but, little occupied by the speculation of the antiquarian or the general views of the traveller, he was framing an excuse (under the plea of the still existing confusion of the Bairam), when the archon Rosemeli

entered the kiosk where they were taking their coffee.

With those manners so natural in their elegance, and still so peculiar to the Athenians, he paid them the compliments of the morning, and mentioned that the purport of his visit was to invite them to spend that day at his house. "It is the festival of my patron saint," said he, "and I always celebrate it in the midst of the friends I most prize." Stamati, who had a thousand schemes in his head for the morning, excused himself till evening: the englishman, with a little hesitation that concealed his joy, promised an early attendance. The two greeks then sallied forth together to the bazar, or market-place; and the englishman, under pretence of writing letters, remained behind. Although the ardent climate* of

* See note (q).

Athens is tempered with the cool breeze of the sea, and softened by the shade of its lofty mountains, the englishman found in its warmth an excuse for again visiting the delicious shades of the grove, to which a happy chance had already guided him. He dared not trust himself with analyzing the precise views of this premeditated ramble, but he resigned his imagination to the most boundless hopes. He again passed near the pillars of the temple of Jupiter, and, giving his horse to his servant, struck into the same path as had conducted him the day before to the portico of the bath. Already its marble columns, refracting the sunbeams, gleamed through the encircling trees; and now the gilt lattice-work of the adjoining apartment presents itself: his heart throbs with feverish violence; he pauses, smiling at the excess of his

uncontrollable emotion. The sound of voices reach his ears: he approached the lattice-work, and again availed himself of his former ingenuity. Ida is seated on a little tripod in the centre of the room, her brothers are at her feet stringing zechinos; while, from a book she holds in her hand, she reads to them a history of Greece composed with great simplicity in the Italian, which she expounds to them in the vulgar greek when their ignorance of the language rendered translation necessary*; her paramana is employed at a little distance with her distaff. The air, the countenance of the charming preceptress seemed to have changed with her avocation; her playful features were invested with the dignified solicitude of maternity; her reproof was but tender gravity; her reward a more ten-

* See note (r).

der kiss. She fascinated childish attention by lures thrown out to youthful fancy; and when she described to them a feat of heroism, to fix the idea in their mind by an image conveyed to their imagination, she offered to shew them the scene consecrated to its performance; and, resuming her little slippers, and drawing down her veil, she advanced to the portico with her pupils, followed by her paramana.

So interesting, so touching was the character in which the greek girl now appeared, that the englishman almost blushed to feel a disappointment which a new-awakened feeling of admiration could not dispel. Purposely throwing himself in her way, he affected the most obvious confusion, when Ida perceived him leaning against a pillar of the portico. The natural children hailed him with delight; Ida, no less natural, scarce-

ly appeared less pleased; and the confusion of her manner passed off with the blush of surprise that accompanied it, and the reserve of seclusion gave way by degrees to the frankness, the *naïveté* of an ingenuous and cordial nature. "The shade of the portico," she said, "is cool and pleasant, let us not disturb you."—"The shade of the portico is cool and pleasant," he returned, "but to be permitted to accompany you would be pleasanter still."—"It is to that mount which forms a part of the acclivity of Hymettus we are going; its prospect is extensive, and I would point out to my brothers the ruins of the monument raised to the memory of the virtuous Herodus by the gratitude of his compatriots*."—"Allow to me thus, also, the happiness of becoming your

* Near the stadium. See Spon's Travels into Greece.

pupil. Every thing in your country awakens curiosity and inspires interest; the mind, rushing back through ages, dwells on the events that constituted the glory of Athens, and the imagination eagerly seeks to identify the spot where Demosthenes harangued, or Pericles commanded."—"If such," exclaimed Ida, passionately, "if such be the interest felt by a stranger, what must they feel who, born and reared amidst the wreck of their country's greatness, behold in the multitude of its splendid ruins the testimony of its former glory; behold, in the slavery of its people the proof of its existing misery!"

There was an energy in the manner of this speech more than in its matter that amazed the englishman. The chord of enthusiasm thus awakened, he attempted to perpetuate its vibration; and, as they proceeded on their

way, sometimes with affected, sometimes with real, ignorance he continued to propose questions, which Ida, animated by the desire of satisfying his curiosity, and by the national vanity of extolling her country, replied to with earnest simplicity, or with eloquent enthusiasm.

They had now reached the summit of the mount; and the englishman, either feigning or feeling the liveliest admiration at the scenes which spread around him, broke forth in rapturous exclamations of delight. The elated Ida, charmed by a sympathy so little expected, exclaimed, "Oh! to feel all the interest of athenian scenery one should be born an athenian citizen; fancy should receive its glow from national sensibility, and we should feel for the country we admire!" Then, pointing to the south, she added, "Behold that beautiful and

fertile plain, it is the plain of Mesogia: you perceive it is scattered with poor and wretched villages; it is from huts such as those that the enslaved athenians contemplate the monuments of their ancestors' glory. Oh! happy are they whose ignorance is unillumined by education, and who, toiling for daily subsistence, make no estimate of the present by the brilliant recollections of the past, or gloomy fears of the future!" She paused abruptly, and blushed for the digression into which fancy and feeling had seduced her; as such her auditor had considered it.

"She is a charming visionary;" he exclaimed; "her mind is stored with images of classic interest, and her heart is witness to circumstances of national grievance; this is the true patriotism of woman." He then pointed to the summit of Hymettus, and remarked the

beautiful effect of those thick masses of clouds, of shining whiteness, which hover around its brow. "The vapours of Hymettus," she replied with a smile, "afford endless omens to the superstition of the modern as of the ancient greeks. Interesting mountain! Who can contemplate your flowery summit with indifference! With what interest fancy endeavours to ascertain the site where once the thicket bloomed that sheltered the tender Procris; where once the pure streams flowed which refreshed the wretched Cephalus. Behold, where the sun-beam gleams on the distant spire of St. Cypriani; it is the spot tradition has consecrated to their sorrows and their loves."—"Their sorrows and their loves!" repeated the englishman, fixing his eyes on the face of Ida: "Why, oh! why should that connection be almost always insepa-

rable!" Ida fastened her eyes on the earth; the mutable colour of her cheek changed its hue; the pure and vestal expression of her countenance seemed to condemn the ardour of her feelings; she blushed, that the love which spoke in her languid eye should have found an existence on her modest lip. She could not support the admiring gaze of the englishman; and she endeavoured to relieve her confusion by turning his attention to different features of the scenery.—

"You perceive," she continued, "near the foot of the greater Hymettus the ruins of a fountain, which still preserves the memory of the beautiful Callirhoe, to whom it was dedicated; and a little more to the north, even at this distance, you may behold the taste and magnificence of the first conquerors of Greece in the fragments of that noble

aqueduct, which owed its existence to Adrian, and the liberality of his successor. Ah! the monument, which the conqueror erects, but marks the period of degradation to the conquered; but it is there the eye and the heart of an athenian find relief." And she directed the observation of the englishman to the hill of the Acropolis, which, brightened by the lustre of the meridian sun, rose in full prospect on their gaze.—"Behold!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "a spot sacred to the divinity of athenian genius and athenian valour, which was once filled with monuments of athenian glory, and displayed within its limits all that the opulence, the art, or heroism of greece could effect*, in spite of the depredations of time, and barbarous conquerors! How splendid,

* It was described in fifteen books by Heliodorus.

how beautiful, are the columns of that Parthenon, which once contained the divinest effort of the genius of Phydias*! while to the north of this masterpiece of grecian architecture, part of that beautiful doric temple is still visible which the statues of the fair and virtuous daughter of Erectheus adorned. You perceive also the temple of Victory, so conspicuous for the whiteness of its marble, and where the golden shield of conquest was so often suspended by the hand of the laurelled conqueror." "And that edifice which spreads to the west?" demanded the englishman. "Was erected to the heroes of Marathon, and is worth your particular attention. On the frieze of the façade the feats of Theseus (to whom the temple was dedicated) are represented

* The ivory statue of Minerva.

in bas-relief, and with an exquisite delicacy of workmanship, that attests and sanctions all that has been said of the perfection to which the arts were once brought in this now desolated and enslaved country: that beautiful temple is now converted into a greek church."

"If an enjoyment of fancy could silence a feeling of the heart," said the englishman, "we should scarcely regret the traces of turkish power which surround your sacred Acropolis: behold that turkish cemetary which hangs on its rugged brow; the high pointed minaret of that little mosque; and the drooping cypress, which spreads its grey foliage around it."—"Yes, it is charming," replied the greek, with emotion. "Alas! how often have I gazed on it amidst the purple shadows of evening, the grey mists of the dawn!"

She sighed profoundly, and, for a moment, paused; then added: "But, extend your eye to that aspect of the Acropolis which opposes itself to Hymettus; it is the site of the theatre of Bacchus, and is still sacred to the memory of Eschylus, of Euripides, and Sophocles, whose statues were placed there. What an exquisite sensibility to genius did the athenians possess, when the gratitude of a nation erected statues to its divinity, and placed the images of their bards in the temples of their gods!" Then, after a long pause, while her eye beamed brighter, her cheek flushed warmer, and all the fire of enthusiasm and sensibility illuminated her expressive and beautiful countenance, she turned her eyes from the interesting objects that had fascinated their gaze; with a gentle sigh, seemed to recover herself from

the warm dreams of national pride; and, raising her timid glance, with all the habitual modesty of her manner, to the face of the englishman, she said, smilingly, "I weary you, and the sun is becoming too ardent; let us seek the shade of the grove." The englishman made no reply; he dared not hazard the expression of feelings which were confused and overwhelming. He feared by a word, by a look, to dissipate a bewitching confidence, which was every moment vanquishing habitual timidity; and he silently offered her his arm as they descended the mount. She took it without hesitation; till observing the cautious and timid descent of her nurse, she exclaimed, with tenderness, "Pray, assist my poor paramana!" and flew down the mount with her brothers, who had hitherto hung upon her words with ardent at-

tention. The englishman smiled at his situation, as he supported the arm of the feeble and unwieldy matron.

When he reached the bottom of the hill, Ida was already seated beneath an olive tree; the boys had thrown themselves on the grass at a little distance; and the paramana, always watchful and vigilant, placed herself within a prudent view of her charming nursling. The englishman took his place beside Ida. Not a beam could penetrate the foliage that canopied their heads; but the faint gale that blew from the sea, and mingled its sigh with the delicious emanations of the orange-flower and laurel-rose, played amidst its leaves, and at once cooled and perfumed the ardour of the atmosphere. The languid eye of the athenian seemed half to close beneath the oppressive softness of the air; the bloom of her cheek was

less vivid; and an inclination to indolent repose breathed round her. The imagination of the englishman was eloquent, but his voice seemed to deny all expression to his feelings: he endeavoured to lull the rapid pulsation of his heart; he sighed profoundly, and passed his hand across his throbbing brow. Ida had observed the motion. "You are not well," she exclaimed with solicitude; "you are not able to support the ardour of a climate which is to us so delightful." "Oh, pardon me; your climate, like some of the creatures whom it forms, is but too delightful, but too dangerous; it deprives the mind of energy, it deprives the faculties of power: but we breathe a new existence in its delicious temperature; a finer zest of enjoyment is given to the senses; a more delicate vivacity is communicated to the ima-

gination; capabilities of pleasure seem to multiply around us; and if the thoughts become more spiritualized, the feelings are not the less ardent, the fancy less glowing."—"It is thus I often feel," returned Ida, with simplicity; "a mere creature of the atmosphere, my enjoyments are regulated by a sun-beam or a cloud. In a moment cool and soft as this, delighted with existence alone, I sigh to communicate to every thing around me the pure and lively happiness I myself experience."—"You, Ida! to communicate the happiness you feel, do you also sigh to assuage the sufferings you excite?" The insinuating englishman kissed the drapery of her veil as he spoke, and concealed his face in its folds. "It is a crime of which I am innocent," she replied; "if my life has not been useful, it has

been at least guileless."—"It should have been blissful!" added the englishman, passionately. "At one period it was," returned Ida with animation, while a deep blush suffused her face. "And at what period was that?" demanded the englishman, thrown off his guard by the dangerous softness of her manner: "Was it in such a moment as this? Was it when youth, and love, and fancy, in these delicious shades where we now repose, amidst the intoxicating atmosphere which we now respire?"—"It matters not when, or where," interrupted Ida, rising in agitation, "since it is fled for ever:" and, averting her countenance from the englishman, she approached the children, as if to sooth her feelings by contemplating their innocent calm, as, wearied and oppressed by the heat, they slumbered on the grass. She

stooped to kiss their glowing brows; and having brought forward the branches of a plantain tree to shade them as they slept, she returned to the amazed, the disappointed, but more-than-ever enamoured englishman. Innocence and pleasure had again diffused their sweet expression over her countenance. She seated herself, and the englishman fearing nothing so much as to banish her from his side, sought to win her attention by praising the beauty of her brothers. "They are perfect loves!" he exclaimed, "such loves as Praxiteles produced, and Alcman drew."—"Of all the genealogists of love," said Ida, smiling, "Alcman was surely the truest; since he traces his existence to Zephyrus and Flora; and a sigh and a rose gave birth to the most mutable and charming of the gods."—"Ah! is love then

with you the most charming and least permanent of passions? and, oh! Ida, speak you in both instances as you fancy, or as you feel? Has a tender vision of an ideal lover warmed your dream, or have you loved, been faithless, or betrayed?" He fixed his searching eye on the face of the athenian. Her whole soul seemed to rush to her countenance; its expression was strong, variable, and eloquent; her cheek blushed and paled in the same moment; the fire of her eye, now dissolved in languor, now saddening into tears, and now smiling proudly through the impulsive testimonies of her weakness, seemed to say, "Love is the most delightful but most unstable of the passions. Woman is created to feel it in all its sweets, and dread extremes; she has no resource against its tyranny, but in that delicacy of sentiment,

which at once enables her to exalt its blisses, and triumph over its vicissitudes; to cherish its joys in the hour of mutual sympathy, but to limit the duration of its feelings the moment when that sympathy is no more." Then, gently waving her head as she averted it from the gaze of her companion, she half suppressed a sigh, and drew her veil over her face. So perfectly had her countenance imaged the successive emotions as they rose in her soul that the englishman believed himself possessed of her secret, believed the innocence of the recluse had not secured the feelings of the woman, and encouraged rather than intimidated by the conviction mentally observed, according to an axiom in his code of gallantry, 'It is easier to find a woman who has never loved, than one who can love but once.' While as the

interest she excited assumed a freer character, that admiration the delicate reserve, the innocent purity, of her manners had at first awakened lost its sentiment of awful respect; and the spiritual loveliness, the ideal beauty which had at first charmed his imagination, gave way to an interest of a less refined nature, at once more consonant to the laxity of his principles, the habits of his life, and the ardour of his feelings.

A pause of many minutes ensued to that question to which the eloquent looks of Ida had replied. Lost in pensive thought, her attitude half recumbent, she supported her head on her left arm, her right was thrown on the grass; her downcast eye was dewed with a tear, and a glimpse of her profile was visible through the disorder of her veil. Again that beautiful character of countenance, that pliant

grace of figure, which had captivated his fancy the preceding day, presented itself to his view. He took the hand whose whiteness was rendered so conspicuous by the verdure on which it reposed. "You resemble," said he, "at this moment a creature, who, unsuspectingly, unknowingly, has fixed the destiny of one whose heart was formed for love, and whose life has been its victim. Disease of mind, and something of classic curiosity, drove him to Athens: he sought for instruction, and those who could have bestowed it added not to the benefit that charm his sickly feelings called for; he sought amusement, but savage rites of superstition opposed his wishes. Disgusted, he meditated an immediate departure, when chance conducted him to the contemplation of an object imaged eternally in his heart, in his fancy, in

his brain! It was a woman, young and beautiful, glowing in the sweet repose which the refreshing luxury of the bath precedes. She slept; but, oh! in her countenance what capacity of expression, what an obvious indication of a heart alive to the greatest, susceptible of the tenderest, emotions! Her recumbent form was indeed that of Mahomet's houri, but her dream seemed the soul-born vision of a Lesbian Sappho." "Ah!" interrupted Ida, "it was my cousin Zaphyra Peroult." "No," returned the englishman, "it was her cousin, Ida Rosemeli."—"And the person?" demanded Ida eagerly, and covered with confusion,—"Was he, Ida, who now seeks the misery of a life in the enjoyment of a moment. Oh, Ida! pardon the temerity of an imprudent, who already expiates his folly by his experience of its fatal con-

sequence; but the hour, the ardent hour, that drove me to the shade of your grove, the beauty of the portico it sheltered, the tempting fragility of the flowers that screened the couch of your repose; my charming, my dangerous friend, reprove me not for my temerity, but give me your applause for a self-denial more than human; for Ida, I did but gaze, adore, and fled! But still my heart, my imagination, again sought the new-formed idol of their worship, and pretence was not wanting, chance was not unfavourable. The spell of my detention is hid from the world; 'tis not the works of Phidias that will now detain me in Athens; 'tis that which formed the inspiration of his genius, 'tis that which, in giving him a model for divinity, caused the deity it represented to be forgotten."

He ceased: Ida betrayed not in her

countenance what passed within her mind; for she had drawn her veil more closely round her. She arose in silence; she pulled a flowering branch of the agnus-castus, and gently touched her brothers' cheek. They awakened; she caressed them: they were joined by the paramana, who busily arranged their tunics, and the folds of Ida's robe. The picturesque group spoke to each other in the vulgar greek; Ida, and her new friend, had hitherto conversed in pure Italian. At that moment the archon and another greek approached them; he welcomed the englishman with cordiality, and invited him to take the bath before they dined: the children joined their father, and the archondessa and her paramana returned towards the house. The englishman pursued her figure with his looks; a thousand vague ideas fluctuated in his mind; and he

with difficulty replied to the attentions which were lavished on him by the courtesy of his host.

The table of the archon Rosemeli displayed all the luxurious delicacies the mountains and shores of Attica produce. The game, the fish, the fruits, were exquisite; the wines were racy and perfumed*; and traces of his connection with an english family were visible in the comfort and regime of the entertainment: but the banquet was not sweetened by woman's smile, the goblet sparkled not to the reflection of woman's glance; and the englishman (though alive to every species of the *savoir vivre*) praised, without enjoying, the luxuries which were spread before him. He was scarcely struck by the phlegmatic taciturnity of a turk, who listened to the garrulous

* See note (s).

details of an old greek ephore with an exhaustless patience, or amused by the affected *virtu* of a young french consul, who disputed on the order of the portico Poikili with a travelling antiquarian. He thought the gaiety of Stamati annoying, and the athenian courtesies of his host intrusive. The repast at last finished, and he thought only of Ida.

And now the sound of the tympanum, the double-pipe, and viol was heard in the adjoining vestibule. A company of buffoons and dancers, whom the Bairam had brought to Athens, were announced; and the restless greeks, always eager for change of place and dissipation of mind, rushed to the vestibule. The englishman sought a higher gratification with equal anxiety; and again the form of Ida was restored to his searching eyes: she ap-

peared in the painted room which led from the vestibule to her gymnasium; reclined on an ottoman. Her arm was thrown round the neck of a young person who greatly resembled her, and who wanted only the fire, the intelligence of her countenance to be equally lovely. The harmony of their forms, the ease, the grace, the beauty of their attitudes and drapery gave them the appearance of nymphs, which poetry has visioned, and sculpture finely modelled. Two female attendants * stood behind them; the one held a small casket, which usually contain the jewels of the greek women when they visit; the other supported a gilt ewer, from which she had sprinkled the apartment with rose water. The paramana with diffi-

* See note (t).

culty bridled the boys, whose solicitude for the commencement of the revels was pictured in their countenances; and the slaves and domestics of the archon were endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the performance from behind the pillars of the portico and the doors of the vestibule.

The englishman at last arrested the eyes he so anxiously sought; their glance, timid and abashed, were instantly withdrawn, and fixed on the earth: a soft confusion overspread her countenance, but it was still the delicate emotion of modesty, not of displeasure. Her companion observed the stranger, and, with her eyes still fixed on him, whispered Ida.—Ida smiled, and raised her glance: the englishman met the smile and the glance

that accompanied it, and was in a moment at her side.

"It is my cousin, the archondessa Zaphyra Perouli," said she, "who wishes to be known to you." The englishman bowed his sense of the distinction, but, as the archondessa only spoke the vulgar greek and *lingua franca*, his conversation was of necessity confined to Ida. While the attention of her kinswoman became intensively rivetted on the pantomimic dance, which was now begun with some degree of grotesque humour and agility, observations on the entertainment (in which Ida, with all the susceptibility of youth to pleasure, soon became interested) precluded the conversation of the englishman. He spoke of the entertainments of his own country, and described in glowing terms the

united effect of poetry, music, and painting; of just declamation, splendid costume, and brilliant lights.

The attention of the archondessa was withdrawn from the dancers only to be rivetted more ardently on him. Her eyes found no charm like that splendid imagery he conveyed to her fancy; and, laying her hand impulsively on his, she exclaimed, with all the *naïveté* that distinguished her manners, "Ah! how cultivated must be your taste, how barbarous must ours appear!" The englishman imprisoned the hand thus so innocently devoted to him; it struggled in vain: the brow of Ida became slightly shaded, yet its gentle severity was scarcely deepened to a frown; her cheek crimsoned, and her tunic trembled to the increased throb of her bosom. "Loveliest of

human beings!" murmured the englishman, "one moment of indulgence, one moment of pity, and then I have done for ever. Let me for an instant fancy this hand reposes in mine in perfect confidence, let me for an instant think your attention voluntary. Oh! Ida, I shall leave you, and on earth I shall find nothing that resembles you; but I shall leave you resentful and offended, and my misery will be supreme. Yet while I remain in your interesting country, drive me not from your presence, put my forbearance again to the test, and punish me by withdrawing your confidence if I again betray it." He then voluntarily released her hand, and joined the archon, while Stamati took his place beside his charming kinswoman.

The dancers had now wearied the spectators; the archon and his guests

adjourned to the kiosk to partake of the pleasures of the hookah, and to drink coffee and sherbet. The women, accompanied by the children, retired to the gymnasium.

THE EPICUREANS.

NEITHER the topography of Livadia, the ruins of Athens, nor the state of society in the turkish provinces, afforded to the mind of the english traveller that interesting subject of analysis and observation which he found in the character and person of the archon's daughter. He returned to the House of Stamati, and a thousand recollections of Ida accompanied him; he had not yet discovered from her conversation a single trait of mind that did not harmonize with the delightful softness of her air and person, or that responded to the reputation she had

gained in her own country as a person of great mental endowment, exertion of conduct, and energy of character.

He naturally supposed that that reputation had found its relief in the profound ignorance and devoted indolence of her countrywomen; and that, though opposed to the inanity met with in a turkish harem, or the unintelligent *naïveté* of a greek gymnasium, the accomplishments of Ida must appear above the level of general acquirement in Athens, they would be deemed far beneath it in the polished circles of a more polished country. In the local information which she had displayed during their ramble, sensibility of heart and brilliancy of fancy were most discernible; but these lovely qualities were neither of them the inseparable concomitants of

strength of mind, or severity of principles; and though her acquirements, relatively considered, astonished and delighted him, they dissipated no hope, they raised no obstacle; and he still found in the archondessa all he wished in the woman and expected in the greek.

But he perceived, that even with the simplicity of a character so ardent and so naif, something of delicate management was necessary; an exquisite sensibility of soul was eternally betrayed in the fire of her eye, in the mutability of her complexion, in the enthusiasm of her manners, in the tender and caressing attentions she lavished on her father, her brothers, her paramapa, and even in her mode of receiving the oblique testimonies of his own insidious homage. But that sensibility which, from its ardour, might

prove the most dangerous, the most seductive lure to her innocence, would also, from its sensitive delicacy, become her protection, if his conduct was not commensurate in its finesse to the romantic refinement of her feelings. He believed, with the vanity of a man whom success had inflated, that the modest reserve with which his declarations had been received, arose less from their being disapproved than that they were too prematurely and too unguardedly made to be acknowledged with that pleasure they secretly communicated; and he determined, that the experience he had obtained in the hours he had already passed with the susceptible greek, should be the guide of his future conduct with the cautious woman.

For two days he avoided the house of the archon, and gave himself up

with real curiosity, and seeming enthusiasm, to visiting the beautiful ruins with which Athens abounds. The french consul overwhelmed him with attentions; the travelling antiquarian, anxious to obtain a witness of his profound erudition, was his constant associate; and his brain was confused, his mind distracted, by terms of art and observations of hypercriticism. The orders of architecture were traced from the egyptian pyramid to the tuscan column; architects were numbered, from Dorus of Achaia to Palladio; and mutules, metopes, triglyphs, and dentiles were talked of, till no other words seemed registered in his wearied memory.—Here the opinion of Vitruvius on the difference between the Corinthian and the Ionic was detailed with accuracy; there the arguments of Piranesi on the volutæ

was detected to be erroneous; the modules of columns were ascertained; the minutes of capitals were reckoned; and sentiments of taste were every where regulated by laws of geometry and principles of art. The englishman sighed, and thought of Ida and her descriptions, where moral interest was not for a moment lost in technic observation, and where so much sentiment and so little pedantry had been displayed.

The absence of two days now seemed like the privations of so many ages, and he was preparing to reward his self-imposed restraint when the archon waited on him to chide his absence, and to renew his hospitable wishes that he would consider his house as his own. The talents, the manner, the flattery of the englishman, had seized on all the feeble points of his weak but

subtle character; and he urged his invitation with a cordial sincerity his new and insidious friend determined should not be unavailing.

Again, the englishman sought and was received into the gymnasium of the archon's lovely family. He came loaded with trinkets for the children, with presents to the paramana, and such tributes to the taste and talents of Ida as a few french and english authors and some Italian music afforded. Every slave, every servant of the house, partook of his bounty; and, believing that an application to the self-interest was the medium to the good-will of mankind, he reduced his theory to practical experiment, and beheld himself in its result surrounded by friends. He had speculated deeply on the probable reception he should meet with from Ida; but he found,

that though not equal to his wishes, it at least surpassed his hopes:—he was welcomed with a blush and a smile; and his adoption of a manner at once respectful and familiar, dissipated the little shadows of reserve with which an apparent bashful consciousness at first clouded her air and conduct. He found her in her gymnasium, surrounded, as usual, by her domestic circle, and engaged in making a drawing from the fragment of a beautiful metope, which represented the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the nuptials of Pirithous and Hippodamia*. "Another talent!" exclaimed the englishman, seating himself beside her. "It was that in which the friend who educated me excelled," she replied,

* The metope here alluded to, is now in the possession of the earl of Elgin.

" it was that which circumstances and the scenes by which I am surrounded almost forced upon my acquisition." " Charming talent, and interesting scenes!" exclaimed the englishman. " Oh! why should their description, why should their eulogium ever flow from other lips than those which first gave them to my imagination with so many charms of moral and poetic interest?" He then, delicately alluding to the descriptive powers she had displayed on the mount, reverted to the persons with whom he had visited the ruins of Athens for the two last days; imitating their manners with matchless powers of mimicry, giving to his detail of their respective peculiarities the most ludierous air, and betraying his passion for the ridiculous with an influence so epidemic that even Ida caught the infection; and while

her ready smiles and playful laugh evinced the amusement his admirable caricatures produced, a few pointed sallies of delicate humour escaped her lips, and betrayed her but too sensible to 'every sense of things.' "But," said the englishman, as he concluded his description, "while I permitted them to lead me to the façade of Augustus, to harangue me in the Tour di Vento, and point the whole force of their *virtu* against my ignorance in the lantern of Demosthenes, I would not suffer them to conduct me to the site of the gardens of Epicurus, that would have been sacrilege; my hopes pointed to a more delightful guide." "From the kiosk," said Ida with animation, throwing down her pencil and leading the way, "from the kiosk, when the day is bright and clear, as this is, we can at least behold the spot where

those gardens were supposed to bloom." The next moment they were both in the kiosk.—Ida, with all her awakened enthusiasm glowing warmly round her, exclaimed, as she pointed towards the road that led to Eleusis: "A little further on, towards the base of mount Parnes, lie a cluster of ruins; they are supposed to mark the site of the Ceramicus and the academy; and, you recollect, that it was on the road to the academy that the gardens of Epicurus spread their luxuriant shade." She paused for a moment; the englishman's eyes were fastened on her face; her's were strained towards the subject of her research.—He beheld the kindling lumination of her vivid fancy diffusing its light over her countenance, and animating her ardent expressions, as she continued, "I think I see those beautiful gardens spreading on my sight; I

behold the striking, the interesting form of the elegant sage who sought the secret of true enjoyment in their shades."—"And think you that he found it, Ida?" "If nature was his guide, how could he miss it?" she replied with animation. "Nature!" repeated the englishman, in pleasurable surprise; "Are then the doctrines of Epicurus the dictates of nature? and do you acknowledge, Ida—" "I always acknowledge," she returned with simplicity, "what I believe to be the truth: when Epicurus throws the stole of the graces over the form of philosophy; when he shews that true enjoyment is only to be possessed on the bosom of temperance; when he restores the senses to their dignity, by placing them as the instruments of one gratification only, as they are the pupils of our reason; when he paints hap-

piness to be the object of man, and pleasurable propensities, in a natural sense, guided, corrected by social duties, in a relative one, the medium; in a word, when he inspires virtue by the utmost severity of example; when he teaches it by the sweetest persuasion of eloquence; when he dictates frugality, public love, firmness of soul, enjoyment of life, and contempt of death; virtue and happiness are then surely the principles of his doctrine, and nature is its sole inspiration."

The englishman listened, wondered, admired, but was mortified, was disappointed. The young, the lovely woman whose heart he sought to interest, whose feelings he sought to awaken, undertaking the defence of his own principles in commencing the eulogium of a philosopher whose disciple he boasted himself, was but

too flattering to his wishes, but too accessory to his designs: but when he beheld his ignorance of the doctrine he professed in her exposition of its laws; when he heard her preaching the pleasure she was calculated to bestow, yet inseparably connecting it with the virtue she was calculated to inspire; he was overwhelmed, he was silent; and he, whose sophistry had confounded, whose wit had dazzled, so many women of greater acquirement, stood vanquished by a creature who, simple and inexperienced, referred to nature for every opinion she had formed, as for every feeling she indulged. It was not till after a pause of some minutes that the englishman recovered the power of addressing her.

"I perceive," said he, smiling, "that the Epicurus of Athens is not that of England, and that the doc-

trines promulgated by his lovely disciple are in direct opposition to the feelings she awakens."—"And what are the doctrines of your epicurism?" asked Ida seriously. "Charming Ida! to pursue pleasure in all its views, and to live but to enjoy."—"That is the doctrine of nature," she returned with simplicity; "but so finely has she regulated her laws, inseparably blending the selfish gratification with the social good, that the intemperate pursuit of any enjoyment, while it injures the community to which we belong, inevitably re-acts upon ourselves. It is politically illustrated in my dear, my native country; where the tyrant lives in daily dread of the slave he oppresses. It was morally illustrated in the life of my beloved preceptor, who enjoyed the purest pleasures according to the wisest laws."—"But pleasure

should have no law, my sweet Ida! impose on it a restraint and it ceases to be pleasure."—"Let us refer to nature," said Ida, "who places no boundary to enjoyment but what its own excesses create. Let us refer to society, which, imitating nature, retributes on the individual the injury he has done to the community. Vice, which is only the greater predominancy of the selfish over the social passions, may escape in a particular instance, but must suffer in a general sense. Enjoy, is the law of nature; restrain is the law of society; it is the perfect harmony of both that bestows felicity on man."

At that moment a young beccafico flew from a neighbouring fig-tree into the kiosk. Ida forgot her argument; pursuit of the bird seemed to occupy her whole being; all the eagerness of a child

displayed itself in her exertions. The englishman was earnestly invited to assist her; she laughed at his awkwardness, and redoubled her own activity. Now the bird panted in her hand, fear of hurting it again produced its release; now it got entangled in her drapery, and the englishman was destined to effect its emancipation: at last it flew towards her bosom, and Ida imprisoned it with her veil, and lavished on it the most tender caresses with the most infantine expressions of fondness. She kissed its head, she smoothed its plumage, she wished there was no cruelty in detaining it; and then (but with reluctance) approached the side of the kiosk and gave it liberty, watching its course as it flew towards Hymettus, her hand resting unconsciously on the arm of her companion till the bird disappeared: then,

with a sigh and a smile, she said, "I wish I was a bird, do not you?"—"A moment back I did," he replied, gazing passionately on her.——"But to what purpose be placed in heaven if insensible to its joys! Oh, Ida! had that bird no instinct to receive your caresses, to be admired, to be cherished by you, and yet to fly, to forsake you!" The first part of the englishman's speech covered the face of Ida with blushes, without banishing the smile that revelled in her eye and dimpled her cheek; the last chased those blushes and the smile that accompanied them. The englishman observed without perfectly understanding her changeful emotion; he believed it the effect of that thrilling sensibility which eternally betrayed itself in every look and gesture. He attempted to take her hand: surprised

and delighted, he felt that it was voluntarily abandoned to him; he raised his eyes to her countenance, and he thought he observed kindness towards himself, mingled with some latent feeling of pride, of resentment, of which he could not and did not believe himself the object. He raised her hand to his lips, and it trembled without struggling in the clasp of his; they both remained silent, and a feeling of indefinite but exquisite delight was chased by the approach of the archon and his sons. Ida flew to kiss the hands of her father, and left the kiosk.

The power by which the englishman concealed every feeling in the profound depths of his heart, scarcely enabled him to hide his emotion from the shallow penetration of the archon; he complained of a violent headach, of the intense heat, and awakened only

interest where he trembled to rouse suspicion.

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Had the conversation of the kiosk ushered in the dawn of the englishman's acquaintance with the athenian girl he might have wondered, he might have admired, but he never would have loved: the prejudice of his habits was against what he termed strength of mind in woman; the passions of his character were all in favour of her weakness. Ida had stolen on his heart through the medium of his imagination. In the pleasure-breathing form of the elegant and sensuous greek he saw nothing but incitement, and from her yielding, tender mind he expected nothing but compliance. But her character, as it gradually unfolded, bade defiance to

the calculations of an experience founded upon general principles, and established upon general success; the various, the opposite qualities of which that original and interesting character was composed seemed to elude his observation; and the delicate mutability of her seducing and innocent manners alternately awakened hope, restrained presumption, increased his esteem, without diminishing his love.

The englishman was born of the younger branch of an illustrious family. He was impressed with an extravagant sense of the value of rank, because rank in the early part of his life had been his sole possession. Ardent from nature, luxurious from education, he pursued the path to opulence merely as the medium by which pleasure (in its common acceptation) was to be obtained; he pursued it like

a man of elevated notions in political career, and pursued it with a success no less the result of his talents than of his fortune. The evil chances of education had given him many faults, but they had also left him many virtues; the leading traits of excellence which illuminated his character were all his own; and the leading vice which shadowed its brightness owed its existence to the influence of woman. Of an ardent, an impetuous, and affectionate character; at an age when the receptive powers of man are so eager for impression, and so fatally capable of rendering that impression decisive; his heart had been first touched, his passions had been first awakened, by one who, with more art than beauty, more ability than principle, and more passion than sentiment, charmed his imagination by her brilliancy, his self-

love by her ardour; and deceived his hopes and betrayed his confidence by that train of conduct which depraved feeling and vitiated habits inevitably produce in woman. She was an accomplished foreigner, no longer young, but still bewitching: he was in the spring of life, susceptible, generous, and confiding. She charmed even while she betrayed, and he loved even when he ceased to esteem. The impression was decisive; it was followed up through a series of years by a line of conduct in which his passions sometimes found their account, but his heart never; he felt at first, but could not define the nature of the want that ached there; till habit rendered that routine of life a necessity, against whose pursuit impulse, sentiment, and even principle frequently revolted. It was a tie formed in Venice that was now the

primary cause of his visit to Athens; for satiety still hung upon success; and his Venetian mistress, sufficiently coarse to pursue the benefactor when she had lost the lover, stooped to upbraid, and banished from her presence by importunity, him whom she could no longer enchain at her feet from sentiment. With a general and passionate admiration, united to a total want of esteem for women, his opinion of the sex was founded on the first impression given him by an individual: he had therefore never married, and never intended to marry. He laughed at the man who voluntarily threw his honour into the keeping of a being, who (drawing the inference from his own experience) he believed so seldom capable of preserving her own; he laughed at the man who voluntarily hung a chain over his pleasures,

and devoted himself to anxiety at home, while enjoyment solicited his acceptance abroad; he believed that the woman whom prudence would induce him to marry, his taste would impel him to decline; and that her whom he would adore as a mistress, he could never depend on as a wife. Beauty was his idol, talent was his spell; but the line of demarkation between the good and fair traced by the erroneous judgment of a fatal and early experience was irradicable. Thus his first love became the guide of his subsequent attachments; his prejudices fortified by his passions, and his principles by his habits, were not to be vanquished by a partial experience of their fallibility; and woman frequently became the victim of those errors of opinion, of that laxity of mo-

rals, of which woman only had been the cause.

He was now no longer young; and though he had seen much of the world, though he too generally took his sentiments from the high, but frequently false, tone of the circle in which he lived, yet something of the untarnished gloss of nature still remained. The ardent feelings of his being frequently deposed the factitious principles of his character; and the warm impulse of a moment sometimes overthrew the artful system of a year. Although he had observed much, he had reflected, he had combined but little; and his life, gay and polished as his manners, while it pointed his wit, while it sharpened his shrewdness, rendered him more alive to a foible than observant of a quality; more attracted by the "living man-

ners as they rose," than attentive to the human passions as they unfolded themselves under the pressure and influence of human events.

It was thus, therefore, that the character of Ida found no parallel in his experience, and eluded with delicate subtilty all the powers of his quick but not always just penetration; while he seized at once the leading features (without their leading causes) that formed the character of her father. He saw him restless, weak, and sanguine; proud of his birth, vain of his opulence, amiable in his domestic feelings, and factious in his public conduct: the one less from sentiment than natural sensibility; the other less from principle than disappointed ambition. The archon, therefore, was but a piece of mechanism in his hands, which he worked with a skill proportionate to his wishes. Ever ready

to do the honours to the self-love of others, he purchased the gratification of his own by his well applied acquiescence in theirs; and while his heart led him daily to the gymnasium of the archondessa, his visits had always the air of being anxiously solicited by the father, or tacitly wished for by the daughter. At night he drank with the archon, smoked from his hookah, abused the vaivode and aga, and prophesied the future glory of the archontic families of Athens, the downfall of the ottoman power, and the revival of the grecian empire. But, during the day, he was conducted among the ruins that surrounded her father's villa by the archondessa. He read to her while she sat at her embroidery; he hung upon her words, as if inspiration dictated their utterance; he gazed on her countenance, as though a spell lurked

in its expression; and sympathised in her feelings, as if one soul informed their respective characters. But while love was chased from his lips, even his silence was animated by its ardours; while the delicacy of sentiment was panegyrised, the eulogium was still made in the eloquence of passion; and if ethic theories were canvassed, or natural sensations described, it was still in the seductive language of pleasure, or with a reference to its pursuits. Thus, even when he failed to touch the feelings of his auditress, he generally succeeded in awakening her imagination; and, while he fascinated her attention, contributed to her amusement, and occupied her thoughts, he inevitably rendered himself necessary to the enjoyment of her existence:—this was the point he panted to attain; this was the object which, after the intercourse of a month, he be-

lieved he had reached. Yet so fearful was he of losing the precious immunities he enjoyed, of frustrating by a word that success which time or accident might best effect; that he still delayed the open avowal of his sentiments, the candid declaration of his views, even though he believed the secret of his passion was known to her who inspired it; even though he felt that it could not be disapproved as long as he was not discarded. But while every moment increased the ardour of his love, while her person, her genius, and even her virtues, threatened to fix into a strong and lasting attachment what had been at first encouraged but as a passing admiration, the character of her who had awakened it still bade defiance to his experience, gave birth to suspicion, inspired fear, and rendered him jealous before he was certain of being loved.

Sometimes he doubted whether he was the most artful or most artless of human beings; whether she did not trifle with his feelings, while he fancied he imposed on hers; whether he was not less the seducer than the seduced; or whether her playfulness was not levity, and her confidence in him but the supplement of a greater confidence placed in another; yet when he distantly hinted that her heart had not been a stranger to love, it covered her with a delicate shame, that seemed less the proof of consciousness than the effusion of that modest reserve which trembled to betray her sensibility to a passion she was so adequate to inspire, so reluctant to experience; while it redoubled towards him those sweet and fatal attentions which captivated every sense, while they repelled presumption; as if she strove to evince by the chaste

endearments of friendship her absolute incapability to cherish a less pure or less gentle sentiment.

He observed with delight which inspired new hopes, that the confidence of Ida increased in proportion as his attentions elicited his gratitude; and that his superior powers of giving pleasure and exquisite susceptibility to receiving it, at once awakened her admiration, and stimulated the exertion of her talents. The soft and secret sadness that seemed sometimes to shadow the native brilliancy of her spirits, alone dissipated to the influence of his elegant pleasantry and delicate humour. The enthusiasm, the energetic feelings of her character, seemed to find a respondent in the impassionate ardour of his; and the most spiritualized and fanciful of human beings appeared intimately to associate her

mind with that of him who was of all human beings the most material and least visionary in his ideas, his principles and conduct. Sometimes, during the tête-a-tête of a morning's walk she betrayed by her artless interrogations the most profound ignorance of worldly forms, and the liveliest anxiety to learn the modes, the manners, and habits of what is deemed polished society; while the simplicity of the recluse was frequently succeeded by that deep intelligence which was alone drawn from nature, by habits of intense reflection which mastered every spring of human action, and often traced the most remote effect to its remotest cause. Sometimes, resigned to the unguarded enthusiasm of her ardent nature, she was involuntarily led to the discussion of the most dangerous and delicate subjects, which her persuasive elo-

quence was calculated to enrich, but which her natural modesty instinctively relinquished. Sometimes, with the pure spirit that ennobled the patriot-bosom of a theban Timoclea, she detailed the wrongs her country had endured, or wept over the wounds with which her country bled. While frequently devoted to a constitutional indolence, she gave herself up to the soft indulgence of a languishing repose, amidst the fragrance of those sweet flowers whose breath she delighted to inhale; or, impelled by a playful simplicity, was carelessly led away by some inconsequent pursuit, and relinquished a metaphysical theory, or flung down a classical author to play with a child or a bird, to trifle with a rose or a song.

Meantime, anxious to sound the depths of that unguarded, natural, but incongruous character by other means

than those his own single observation afforded, the englishman alternately applied to Stamati, to the archon, and to the guests whom he had met at the archon's house; but with Stamati (always giddy and unthinking), she was still the wonder of Livadia, and the most learned of human beings; she had a crowd of adorers, but no one dared to love her. With her father she was perfection, save on those points where her intelligence clashed with his own prejudices; with the travelling antiquarian, she was clever, considering her situation and country, but he did not believe she knew a greek rethon from an etruscan vase, or a plinth from a capital; with the french consul, she was *Jolie comme un cœur et petrie de talent.* And the englishman, again forced back upon his own observation, was pleased that others could not even guess at that

character which seemed to reserve all its most delicate and attractive charms for him alone; and, with the blind idolatry of ancient superstition, he worshipped in proportion as he feared, and adored what he could not comprehend.

THE FESTIVAL.

Governed by the impulse of the daily wish without the power of fixing the moment of his departure, or of obtaining the object of his delay; forgetting that world which had so long tyrannised over his opinions; forgetting that life which had been so long consonant to his pursuits and habits; the hours of the englishman fled lightly on, varied only by that vicissitude of feeling, of hope, and doubt, which even the happiest love is destined to sustain.

It was after an evening passed in listening to the tones of Ida's lyre, in

hanging on the melody of Ida's voice, that her softness, her gaiety, the modesty, the pleasure that breathed round her, animated his wishes, excited his hopes, and determined him on seizing, in some favourable moment, all the former dictated, all the latter inspired.

He sought her the next day, in that hour which had first given her to his view in all the charactery of innocence and pleasure:—the hour was ardent, the bath was cool! He calculated on the probable necessity of its enjoyment, and dwelt in rapture on the possible success of his arrangement.

With steps as cautious and a heart as palpitating as when he first sought the portico, he now approached it; and, without waiting to glance through the lattice, he stole into the apartment of the bath with noiseless steps; but

the room was unoccupied, and the smooth and downy couch had evidently not yet been pressed. A gentle noise from the bath caught his attention; with a trembling hand he drew back the silken drapery, but he saw only the bird, whose flutterings had met his ear, and deceived his hopes. Disappointed, he returned to the portico, where he perceived, in a new made path, the track of a little foot that could be no other than Ida's: he pursued the mystic guide; it led to the profoundest shade of a grove, where, amidst the shelter of the drooping cypress, the roses of Persia and of Greece diffused their bloom and fragrance. Above their luxuriant flowers an antique stela * reared its columns; at its base, and leaning against its shaft,

* See note (w).

sat Ida. The englishman rushed forward with an impetuosity commensurate to his feelings; he threw himself beside Ida, and took her hand.—She started, turned round her hitherto-averted head, and beheld him with a smile, but her face was bathed in tears; and her sadness, though soft and tender, seemed hallowed and dignified. Surprise and disappointment chilled the hopes of the englishman.

"I sought you," said he, "in the temple of your pleasures, and find you near the monument of death."—"And this also," she replied, "is the temple of my pleasures; of pleasures which memory restores and sorrow consecrates. Alas! all feelings of regret and sufferings are not so safe, so sweet in their indulgence! This stela," she continued, after a short pause, "so beautiful in its execution, once distin-

guished the tomb of a sage, whose virtues it describes by one of those epigrammatic sentences in which attic sentiment loved to comprise itself; which the legislator sometimes adopted to convey his precept, the lover to express his feeling, and the mourner his affliction. It was found prostrate in the fields of Livadia; it is now raised to the memory of one whose character resembled that which the marble preserves: perfect in itself, yet indulgent to others; capable, from its knowledge of the human heart, to dictate those precepts which tend to the good of mankind, but contented with the gentle admonition, the tender persuasion, which concealed while they betrayed his own superior excellence."

"And by whom was the pillar raised, sweet Ida! and to whom did that perfect character belong?"

"It was raised by me," she returned weeping, "to the memory of him who was my soul's dearest friend; he was your naturalised countryman, he was my kinsman, too. But what are ties of consanguinity, if habit associates not their influence round the heart; if sentiment blends them not with all its feelings? I never visit the spot but memory rushes back through each sweet interval of early life, when I felt, yet knew not what felicity was mine; or that ascending the higher scale of feeling, associates his idea with scenes of deeper interest, with emotions of profounder bliss, that had their sad reverse of suffering." Ida paused, and wept more bitterly.

The englishman perceived that her sorrows were not only those of the heart but of the nerves, that her mind was depressed, and her spirits

sunken. He had almost as often seen her plunged in despondency as exhilarated with joy; and looked upon the extremes and diversity of her feelings as the result of the fine, the delicate organization of her frame, and a strong natural sensibility of heart, rendered more acute by habits of education.

He attempted some words of endearing solace; and added, "Sweet, interesting mourner! why court ideal woes when real joys await thee? Why chase the smile that charms for the tear that avails not?"

"Alas!" said Ida, "while the conduct is referable to prudence, how banish from the heart the sorrow it cherishes, or the joy that transports it?"

"But, dear, susceptible girl! 'tis thy spirits that are oppressed, and not thy heart that is afflicted; some little do-

mestic shadow has passed across thy mind."

"It is true you have seen me happier than you now behold me," she added: "a threatening message from the vaivode, whom my father daily irritates by some new imprudence, and the failure of some commercial speculations in which he too incautiously engaged, have this day reached us; and a thousand anxieties throb at my heart for the objects so dear to its feelings."

"And not one for yourself, Ida?"

"Ah! the life of woman is wrapt up in those she loves; 'tis through them she suffers, through them she enjoys—"

"My sweet Ida! to epitomize the sex in yourself is to form a very charming but a very false estimate of

its character; 'tis by much to over-rate its worth."

"There are women, I believe," returned Ida, "in whom feelings of nature are suppressed by an education which takes art only as its guide.—Such was she to whom the early sorrows of my uncle owed their origin, from whom his character received its tone:—that amiable character! It is poetically illustrated by the commingle-ment of those roses which he loved, with that cypress which he planted. His mind, woven of the finest texture, was shaded but not darkened by melancholy; and his feelings, though they had lost much of their native ardour, retained to the last their native sensibility, like those flowers whose fragrance survives their beauty and their bloom." She gathered a faded rose as

she spoke, and sighed as she inhaled its perfume and gazed on its decay.

"Fanciful and charming creature!" exclaimed the englishman, raising her hand to his lips; and added, with an expressive tone, "Oh, Ida! I sometimes fear that the brilliant visions of your imagination have absorbed the warmer feelings of your heart, and that, possessing the genius of a Sappho, you are yet destitute of her tenderness and her passion."

Ida raised her melting eyes to his face; a deep flush passed like the tint of an iris across her cheek, and her countenance was eloquent in the expression of ardent feelings. He still clasped her hand, and drew her gently towards him; while his feelings, calmed and tranquillized by the pensive tone of their conversation, by her tears and

sensibility, gave her to his imagination as a creature who awakened an holy interest rather than an impassioned wish.

"My brothers," she faintly said, "are playing near us, let us join them." They arose; the englishman waved his head, and smiled.

"Ida!" he said, "enchantress! I am nothing but as you would have me." Ida, unasked, took his arm; she looked at him with innocence, and some little consciousness of the power she had obtained over him triumphing in her eyes, which, though still humid with a tear, were cheering into smiles.

"My father," she said, "will ask you to dinner, and you must refuse; he is spell-bound in your society, and business of importance demands his undivided attention; neither must you come to-morrow, nor even the day after."

"Nor the day after, Ida! You may as well bid me not live!"

"I only bid you suspend life that you may enjoy it with more pleasure," she replied, smiling: "three days hence we celebrate the festival of the seasons, and dance the dance of Ariadne; the former my uncle revived among us, the latter is frequently performed even by our peasantry. While she spoke the children joined them; they all accompanied their new friend to the entrance of the grove where his horses waited; and the englishman reluctantly departed, again frustrated in his immediate views, and urged by increased love to their completion.

That a woman who truly loves is capable of every sacrifice for the object of her tenderness, was an axiom the englishman had established on his own individual experience; but he reflect-

ed not that the seduction of simple ignorance, or the acquiescence of elegant depravity, were less the proofs of a tender sacrifice than a fatal error in judgment, or a confirmed laxity in principle; and the vanity of the man did not suffer him to perceive that the selfishness of the mistress was often more intimately considered than the happiness of the lover. Mistaking, therefore, gallantry for affection, and imprudence for attachment, he applied his general rules to a particular instance, nor suspected that their fallibility could be ascertained by the test. Aware of the ardent character of the greeks, he scarcely suffered himself to doubt that his eloquence, his tenderness, and professions of unalterable love would not induce Ida to accompany him back to Italy, to proceed with him to England, and to reign the mistress

of his heart, of his fortune, and his fate. Eminently possessing *l'eloquence du billet*, he had written to her frequently during his two days' enforced absence. In the morning a note accompanied the fresh flowers, to whose perfumes he had added (according to the custom of her country) a foreign odour. In the evening it enwrapt the curious coin, the precious medal, or costly trinket, purchased from some jewish or armenian merchant, and delicately offered, merely as curiosities worthy of her taste, rather than her acceptance.

At last the evening of the festival of the seasons arrived, and the englishman eagerly sought the temple of its celebration. Above the path which led to the portico the branches of the trees were artfully entwined, and formed a refreshing shade; which was at intervals thrown aside to admit the

abrupt view of the ocean, the majestic ruins of the temple of Jupiter, or whatever object lay within its prospect, and was attractive from its natural beauty or moral interest. In approaching the verdant expanse which surrounded the portico the scenery assumed a richer, a more definite character; the trees, crowned with garlands, supported on their branches the implements of husbandry which the respective seasons required; and the pandean pipe, the sylvan flute, the reeds, the tabor and the lyre, were suspended from the oak, the palm, the olive, and the pine, by wreaths of winter-ivy, of spring blossoms, of summer roses, or autumnal flowers; while the orange tree and pomegranate interlacing their luxuriant branches formed themselves into natural arbours, above whose flowery

arches the sycamore and broom pine spread their dark green foliage, adding coolness to fragrance, and shade to beauty. The portico had assumed the character of an ancient temple by the addition of some beautiful fragments of architecture artfully mingled with the original edifice, which formed the area, and which, with classical precision, contained the marble vase of pure water requisite for the performance of the lustration. The exterior room of the bath answered to the naos; and the dark, the cool, the mystic bath itself, formed the adytum which the eye of the profane was forbidden to dwell on. The parian columns of the temple were wreathed with the damask blossoms of the mimosa, or blushing garlands of the great persian rose; their tints were reflected on the snow of the marble, and their odours mingled with

the incense which burned on the altar of the temple. The sun, though declining in the Engia, was still ardent, and shone with a mellowed lustre on the temple which seemed dedicated to his divinity: the moon, already gleaming like a silver vapour, rose above the purple clouds which rolled from the summits of Hymettus, shedding from their bosom the soft dews that glittered on the flowers and refreshed their beauty; while the Etesian * winds breathing at intervals gave delicious languor to the air, and died away with the softness of a sigh suppressed: strains of sylvan music floated on the gale, and were sometimes discovered to proceed from a satyr who reposed beneath the shade of a tree, or of a

* The Etesian winds blow from the east during the period of the canicular days.

love half hid in its branches, who neglected his arrow for his tabor and pipe *.—At last the celebration of the festival commences:—two choirs of nymphs advance from the dark shade of the grove towards the area of the temple, in the spring of youth, beautiful as the vision of poetic fancy, abandoned to the innocent sensations of the purest joy, the liveliest pleasure; the snow of their tunics, which shade without concealing the harmony of their motions, is symbolic of the chaste simplicity of their souls; the glow of the roses which bind their brows is emblematic of the ardour of their fancies and the freshness of their feelings; with a step that crushes not the flowers whose loveliness they resemble they divide as they advance,

* See note (x).

and form themselves into bands, under the guidance of the divinity of each of the seasons.—They approach the temple; the perfumed water is sprinkled round with rosy fingers; the treasures of the circling year, the berries of winter, the blossoms of spring, the flowers of summer, and the fruits of autumn, are offered within the naos of the temple; clouds of odorous vapour ascend towards its dome, and fling their perfumes on the air amidst the choral hymns which rise like spheral strains, and sigh away to silence:—they rush from the temple in all the playful inebriety of innocent gaiety. It is evidently a true festival of Delos: their gratitude ascends to the god of fire, but their emotions are inspired by the deity of chaste delights; while the twins of Latona propitiating their rites, mingle their beams to adorn and

consecrate the scene of their celebration; blushes like their own rose colour the vapours of their atmosphere, and rays pure as their thoughts silver the foliage that embosoms them. But if the joy of youth and the grace of ease diffuse their charms over the lovely representatives of the hours, it is the deity of the summer to whom the soul rather than the senses resorts.—The form of Ida, draped in a vest light as 'feathered snow,' and confined only by the roses of the season they represented, for the first time appeared to the eyes of her new friend in all the mutable graces of awakened and varying motion; light, springing and elastic, her movements, like her thoughts, resembled not the mechanical evolutions of her companions, whom youth only animated and joy inspired; as fresh in youth as they, as gay in spirit. Nor youth, nor

gaiety alone animated her bosom; images of poetic illusion floated on her fancy, visions of classical elegance recurred to her mind; and the consciousness that the benefits of nature were acknowledged in all ages (though with various rites) by the gratitude of the heart and the homage of the feelings; that everywhere even the error of superstition was deducible from the sentiment of true religion, touched the emotions of her soul and the character of her countenance with a consecrated expression, an almost holy interest.—Oh! what is that religion that imitates not the nature of that goodness from whence its gratitude arises! When the universe in its arrangement, in its produce, and intent, breathes only love and harmony, should the feelings of man return no sympathetic response? And while the Deity of all good pours

round him the rich abundance of the choicest gifts, should human homage ascend in forms and sentiments whose gloom, privations, and insensibility, can only suit the principle of evil?

And now, divesting themselves of their emblematic ornaments, and simply crowned with flowers, the lovely athenian youth again appear emerging from their fragrant shades, and, formed into bands, are led by Ida through all the graceful intricacies of the dance of Ariadne *; imitating in their circular and oblique motions the harmonious movement of the spheres themselves; resembling in their light and playful forms the horæ of Bathycles, as they appeared in the temple of Amycla to the wondering gaze of the delighted spartans.

* See note (y).

But the eye while it wandered over their changeful motions still returned to the Ariadne who seemed at once their inspiration and their guide; twining round her hand the tutelary clue, she appears to lose herself in a thousand gentle turns and graceful wanderings. Sometimes, concealed in the thickening shades, she vanishes from the intense gaze of admiration; sometimes she seems to glitter with her nymphs through the opening trees like a beautiful ideal phantom, her undulating form resembling the pure flame which the air wafts from its aspiring direction; the hues of her complexion, now deepening from exercise, now paling from languor, appearing more mutable and evanescent than even the movements which awakened them; sometimes, with a quickened step, a rapid flight, and glowing smile, she darted like an herald

Iris through the intricacies of the grove; and sometimes assuming the spirited dignity of a young Diana (as on the banks of the Erotus she led the mazy dance, accompanied by the nymphs of her train) she moves in a slow and gentle languishment, that betrays even in weariness an animated and soul-inspired grace.

And now the dance is finished the charming group disappear as if lost in the profound depths of the labyrinth, while they sought in fact the shade and repose of the grove; where the fruits of the season, light and perfumed wines, coffee and sherbet, were presented to them by their mothers and matron relatives, who were the sole spectators of their graceful exertions, with the exception of the archon, Stamati, and the english traveller, who had in the commencement of the evening thrown

himself apart from the others on a bank near the area of the temple. The fancy of Mahomet as it wandered over the paradise of his own vivid creation could not have been more entranced; the vision of his seventh heaven scarcely more extatic. Ida not unfrequently sought her inspiration from his eye, which pursued her through all the mazes of her dance; and beheld in the whole arrangement of the charming spectacle the classical elegance of her taste, the poetic character of her fancy. While her lovely companions were reposing under the shade of the trees, the still unwearied Ida appeared the Hebe of the feast; and pouring the sparkling sherbet from a golden ewer into the goblet, she presented it to the englishman. With a modest confidence in the triumph of her talents, she spoke of the representation to which her

graces had as materially contributed in the execution, as her genius in the plan. The englishman, who could so profoundly flatter (even when there was but moderate cause for praise), excelled in the eloquence of eulogium where he could scarcely speak with exaggeration. After boundless expressions of delight and gratification pronounced with rapture, he added, "Living in a world where art for ever reigns, sentiment and taste become as sophisticated as opinion and habits; luxury is esteemed the offspring of art and opulence: we perceive not that neither the one nor the other possesses a single pleasurable resource but what nature supplies, and that she alone is the elegant voluptuary that affords us models, presents us indulgencies, administers to every sense, and gratifies every faculty."—"And not more the

benefactress of our fleeting pleasure," interrupted Ida, "than of our permanent happiness; she makes moderation the purchase of the present enjoyments and of their future recurrence, and renders those alone pure, lively, and lasting, which are enjoyed without injury to others, yet with satisfaction to ourselves; in a word, which are derived from nature, and which she only dictates. What are the languid pleasures, the factitious luxuries of the court of our emperor, to those which a pure air, a brilliant sky, a rich odour, a tree, a fountain, a flower, bestow upon these his greek slaves; who, violating no feeling, opposing no law of nature, are worthy to receive the pleasures, the enjoyments, nature only can bestow? It was thus that the ancient greeks, while they adhered to her pre-

cepts, beheld themselves the most glorious of people; while the popular religion stole its attributes, its fascinating ceremonies, from her dictates and example. While the government and the laws were influenced by her feelings and her dictates, the world bowed to the supremacy of their genius and their power: but when nature was banished, national felicity fled with her; the rights of man were trampled on by the tyranny of barbarous conquerors; the sentiment of religion was annihilated by the forms of a cruel fanaticism; and the glory of Greece expired when the influence of nature was abandoned."

The englishman gazed and listened; it was the lips of a Hebe which pronounced the sentiments of a philosopher. "And this too," he said, "is nature! Nature has made her lovely:

in studying nature she has become intelligent." Ida had now advanced to her other guests, presenting the nectar she poured from her golden ewer with the air of an Hamadryad: so ideal was her form, so graceful was her attitude, so innocent, so animated was the character of her eloquent countenance.

At that moment Stamati approached the englishman, and presented him a packet his servant had just brought from Athens, and which had arrived by an italian vessel that a few hours before anchored in the Piræus.

The packet contained public dispatches intimating a change in the british cabinet, and his recal to England. It also contained letters which informed him of his succession to the title and fortune of a deceased and distant relative, to whom, by the sudden

death of an intervening kinsman, he had become the heir.

The transition of feeling, of sentiment, of circumstances, and thoughts, which the perusal of this packet awakened, was such as the life of man seldom presents. In gardens where Plato might have enjoyed, and Epicurus revelled; surrounded by forms that seemed scarcely more than illusions of creative fancy; involved in ceremonies, witnessing rites, which plunged him back in the days of antiquity, in the joys and pleasures of the golden age; with the habits, the prejudices, the pursuits of his past life, lost under the influence of his novel situation, the whole series of his sensations, the whole system of his mind was now reversed; he was again carried back to that world for which alone he had hitherto lived: the narrow, puerile, in-

trigues of modern politics, which sacrifice the good of a people to the prejudices of an individual, or the welfare of a state to the interests of a party, usurped and agitated his thoughts. His accession to that rank which carries with it such sway (though but a sound of air), in a country governed by factitious sentiment, roused the latent ambition of his character, and gratified its desires while it confirmed its influence; and that opulence which had hitherto been the precarious result of political labour, or varying interest, now possessed almost beyond the extravagance of his wishes, opened to his view the free and changeless power of unbounded enjoyment. Such was the state of mind in which he perused and re-perused the packet. As he first glanced his eye over it, a conviction of its unexpected tidings flashed on his mind, and awakened a pet-

turbation he had not the power to conceal or to suppress; he arose therefore unobserved, and glided through the portico into the bath-room, and throwing himself on the couch where he had first beheld the sweet repose of Ida, he gave himself up to reflections in which, for the first time for many weeks, Ida had no part. His consequence in the world of rank, the political influence attached to it, the senatorial fame that awaited him, the extensive domains and luxurious palaces of which he was become the master, the power he should now have to realise his tasteful speculations, to give the tone to popular taste, and cast the fashions of the times, were the splendid dreams of his ambitious mind, which his arrival in England was instantly to realise.

But that character must be complexionally cold, that heart must be

habitually hardened, and those feelings frigidly regulated, which, even amidst all the factitious passions the corruption of society engenders, resists the influence which nature at intervals awakens, lulls her pulse of tenderness, bids defiance to her pure emotions of delight, and remains insensible to those sweet admonitions she bestows on the heart, the senses, and the fancy. To a mind not wholly governed by art, to feelings not wholly subjugated to interest, nature will speak in the midst of the world, its prejudices and its passions, and nature will be heard.

The dews of night, and the soft mists that usher in her dawn, were now refreshing the atmosphere and veiling its brilliancy; the lovely groups that had revelled in the train of Ariadne had retired with the last beam of that cloudless sun, whose genial warmth

still survived his dazzling effulgence, and was moderated, but not chilled, by the unfrequent gale that breathed from the ocean. To the gay tumult of youthful voices a voluptuous silence succeeded:—it soothed the thoughts, but lulled not the fancy. A thousand flowers combined their delicious emanations, and mingled their odours with the air, which the open lattice-work of the bath admitted; the moon, bright and unclouded, darted her rays through the clustering foliage, and formed the sole termination of the simple, silent, luxurious apartment. The lyre of Ida lay on a tripod; and a breeze, as it rushed over the chords, awakened a faint and sweet vibration. The englishman started at the sound; he saw from whence it proceeded, and his feelings vibrated like the lyre, as the chord of their association was thus ef-

fectually touched. The diadem of rank, the applause of a senate, the power of opulence, the influence, the prejudices, the habits of artificial life, fled like the idle pageantry of a feverish dream. Nature resumed her influence over his being, and Ida rushed to his imagination, possessed herself of his heart, and reigned alone over his thoughts. "Fatal creature!" he exclaimed, "if, in the first flush of my vaulting ambition, your image thus dissipates the influence of my new roused and long latent propensities, how will it tyrannise when the world shall pall; when amusement shall weary and pleasure satiate; when you will return to my imagination with all your seducing graces; when you will recur to my mind with all your native intelligence; when you will twine round my heart with all your natural endear-

ments; when I shall vainly seek in others that pure and lovely nature I found in you alone; and, when I shall lament the pride, the prejudice, the principles, that now forbid my rendering your situation as estimable in the eyes of the world as you are dear to my senses and my soul! But it must not be, sweet Ida! the world is a terrific umpire; I have made it the judge of my actions, and furnished it hitherto by my precepts, by my axioms, and example, with arms that would now turn against myself. Ida! my wife thou canst never be; but if thy national character is—" He abruptly stopt his half articulated soliloquy; he perceived a white and shadowy form moving among the trees: emerging from their shade, it glided towards the portico. From the pliant graces of its movement it could be no other than Ida: her left arm supported

the elbow of her right, on which her cheek reposed; she walked slowly; languishment and gentle weariness hung upon her motions, and touched her figure with a pensive softness. She paused as she approached the bath-room, and gazed on the delicious scenes around her, on which the sweet repose of nature seemed to hang. She turned her eyes towards the bath, and seemed tempted by the luxury it presented; she threw aside her veil to breathe a freer air. She approached the bath, and raising the scarlet drapery of its curtain, held it for some time with a doubtful and hesitating air; then, unbinding the roses that drooped on her brow, she approached the couch, and beheld it already occupied. Her first impulse from surprise, from confusion, was to fly; her next was regulated by the simplicity and

innocent confidence that always characterised her manners. She suffered the englishman to detain her by one hand, while with the other she was engaged in gathering up the letters her wreath and her veil, as she threw them on the sopha, had displaced.

"Ah!" said she with a smile, "you were lost in meditation, and I have disturbed you; Stamati told me you had received packets from your native country; the intelligence charmed me, and I forbore to approach.—To be in a strange nation, and to receive tidings from one's native country! Good heavens! what feelings, what recollections must agitate your bosom! We thought you gone long since, but you are here alone, and enjoying the dearest feelings of nature. I suspected not this, and came to seek repose and coolness while Stamati and my father enjoy the hookah,

and quaff the malmsey of mount Ida in the kiosk: but I will leave you. Who can pardon intrusion when the heart is so full?" "Ida!" exclaimed he, drawing her towards him, and seating her on the sopha, "do not leave me! I also came here to seek repose and coolness, but found them not; perhaps we may find them together: but, oh, Ida! distant from you, the one I shall never know. My heart is full; you say; dearest Ida, receive then the overflowings of its wretched confidence!"—and, falling at her feet and clasping her hands, with an energy and softness of voice and manner more impressive, more touching than the words they accompanied, he continued; "Ida! I am no longer an englishman, I am no longer a being of the world! I am an Athenian, I am a creature of sentiment, of passion,

whose character you have new moulded, whose feelings you have new cast! Heaven could not have created for you an associate more sympathetic in its affections to your own than him you have created for yourself; yet with this character, which belongs only to that delicious region where you exist, and is worthy only of those over whom you reign, I am banished from you, and for ever! The letters you behold, recal me instantly to England; with the dawn I shall embark for Italy. Oh, Ida! give me at least your pity; let that soft sigh confirm my hope of your compassion. I leave your country, its ruins, and its scenes of classic interest with a regret but too lively; I relinquish its delicious air, its pure, luxurious atmosphere, with a reluctance not to be justified. But, oh, Ida! 'twas not its ruins, its scenes, its at-

mosphere, or gales, that bound me here; they charmed, but could not fix; they were lovely, but something lovelier still became my spell, my tyrant, and my ruin. It was Ida, the fatal Ida! who has wrapt me in an elysium, subversive of my habits, dangerous to my interests, and inimical to my duties; with whom days fled like hours, and hours like minutes; who has reversed the whole system of my being; and who, in depriving me of my former resources in giving me a new sense of felicity, has become accountable for the future happiness of my existence. Yet I leave her, and for ever! I leave her among those who cannot understand, much less feel and worship, her character as I do;—I leave her, only to be thrown upon a world myself where I shall live an alien, an outcast; for there is now but one world for which I

am adapted, and that is the magic sphere which Ida's presence creates around me. You weep, Ida, and those tears for me! God of heaven! is it credible, that a few hours shall pass away and we shall have parted for ever! that for the first, and oh! for the last time I shall have folded Ida to my heart!"

The hour, the silence, the air, had all touched the imagination and influenced the feelings of the susceptible greek; the sudden appearance of the englishman, the abrupt intelligence of his departure, his eloquence and his tenderness, overwhelmed her with confusion, and diffused through her soul and frame a softness, a regret, characterised in the mingled kindness and anguish of her countenance. But the glowing fold, that left nothing to the dream of fancy, to the purity of deli-

cate affection, awakened and supported her. Released and free, she stood before him; the ardour of her feelings glowed on her cheek, but the purity of her soul illumined her eyes:—she stood, her sex's lovely emblem; nature and sentiment, tenderness and virtue, commingling their emotions in her mind, and blending their emanations in her countenance.

The impress of a celestial origin was stamped with the traits of human affection in her pure and eloquent look: all that nature had formed her, all that society required of her, spoke in the softness of her air and the resistance of her action, at once awful and seductive. Virtue or love might have taken her for their model, and the perfect harmony of both been illustrated in her character and person.

The englishman stood abashed! not more at his own unprecedented timid-

ity than at her superior powers; while, after a long pause, she leaned over the tripod, and, covering her face with her veil, wept in silence. Her tears re-animated the englishman: he threw himself at her feet, and, taking the hand that hung at her side, he said, "Ida! I love you to idolatry, to madness!—the whole earth contains nothing half so precious, so necessary to my happiness! I cannot, and I will not exist without you! Ida!—enchantress!—woman! can you hate the man who lives but to adore you?" Ida uncovered her face: she looked at him with a sweet and tender smile; she blushed, and averted her head. The englishman seized her trembling hand, but his own trembled with an emotion that rendered its clasp nerveless. Ida disengaged herself; and the englishman leaned in silence against the sopha. While pacing the room with an unequal step, and broken

sighs, Ida seemed endeavouring to collect some scattered thoughts, to suppress some poignant feeling, to vanquish some delicate reluctance. At last, calm, assured, and dignified, she approached; and, leaning opposite to him on the tripod, said, " Be composed, and hear me!" She paused; the moon-beam, as it fell on her cheek, betrayed its paleness, and the tear that glittered on its snowy surface. She held on her bosom the drapery that fell in folds over her sylphed form; her attitude was recumbent, but her eyes were thrown up:—nothing more dignified, nothing more touching, than the expression of her whole form. At last, with a faint and melancholy smile, and a gentle wave of her head that seemed to arraign her inability to give an adequate expression to her emotions, she said, " Where is the elo-

quence that can speak the feelings of that woman who is true to nature, yet governed by education; whose ardour is of heaven, and whose manners are for society; whose sensations are inspired by God, and whose conduct is regulated by man; whose sensibility trembles through her whole being, and whose reason governs her whole life; who is created to love, and who blushes, even to herself, to confess her destiny?"—She paused: a delicate and sensitive bashfulness seemed to cover her with a confusion that sought to conceal its lovely effects in the deeper shades of obscurity. She withdrew towards an ottoman, where the beams of the moon scarcely touched the extremity of her robe; and continued, in a voice still more murmuring and soft,—"Yet while her conduct towards man is regulated by the nicest

dictates of social duty, why, oh! why should she blush to acknowledge her capability to feel a passion which the Deity himself inspires?—by which he governs and supports the universe; which is the soul of his law, and the spirit of his work; which is the great and only spring of all human virtue, of all human effort, of all human felicity; which makes the lover a deathless bard, the citizen an immortal hero! For what is genius? it is the fine excess of sensibility.—What is heroism? it is the deed of a great soul, capable of a great passion. Yet woman, created only to love, acknowledges her delightful destiny by timid stealth; and trembling, blushing to own the influence of nature, veils within her heart the doubt, the anguish, and the bliss of passion."—Again she paused; reposed for a moment her head upon

her hands, and sighed profoundly: then continued,—"I am the child of nature, and I feel it; I am the member of a community, and I know it; I am a woman, I am a greek, and I have loved—fervently—not fortunately! The tumultuous sentiment had its day of empire; and its object was not unworthy, but unstable. He is forgotten, he has been long forgotten;—no, not a single shadow of the dream remains behind to wander in the brain, disturb the fancy, or agonize the heart. She is not worthy to love whose heart can pine in solitary, unrequited passion: it is love alone can cherish love in woman's soul, and in the moment that she is resigned, that moment is she free. But who can paint the cold, sad interval that follows love's bright hour? It is the heart's wild desolation, the dearth of feeling, and the sad and flat

reality of life; the fancy then is visionless, the mind is stagnate, and all is dull repose and torpid ease; it was thus for nearly two long, lingering years I lived and languished, uninterested and uninteresting; scarcely understanding, and, oh! understood still less; my affections, not my feelings, exercised; my tone of mind not even guessed at; my energy of being uncalled on and declining. Amiable englishman! you came, and found me out. I was understood, I was appreciated, I was awakened! My life again was touched with something that at least resembled the sweet illusion of my younger, happier days; again the morning brought with it some charm of sympathetic intercourse; again the evening gave some spell of pensive feeling. I felt the heart, though withered once, might haply bloom

again; nor thought its infant buds of hope should thus so soon be blasted. You leave me—you depart, and for your native country, sooner than I expected; much sooner than I wished!" She arose; a sad and tender emotion was diffused over her countenance. She approached the englishman; she passed one trembling hand across her humid eyes, and presented him the other: he carried it passionately to his lips—he drew her gently towards him—he fell at her feet. Something like a convulsive sob burst from his lips. Ida fixed her eyes on his, and observed they swam in tears. "It is too much!" she faintly exclaimed, "farewel!" She would have arisen, but he prevented her; yet still he sighed "Farewel!" And still he saw the tender greek, the pitying woman, the child of feeling, and of fancy, influ-

enced by every thing around her. "Go!" faintly sighed Ida, "since I can never be yours."—"Ida, Ida!" he exclaimed, "drive me not mad! you are, you shall be mine—you were created for me—and no human power shall now divide us!"

"Alas!" said Ida, weeping, "you surely rave; you forget that your rank is splendid, that you are a minister of the government of your country, devoted to its service, and subject to its customs and its laws: I am the native of a poor, a strange, and distant land; bound to it by every tie of duty, love, and pity. Oh! no, amiable englishman, eternally your friend, Ida of Athens can never be your wife!" "Oh! from souls like hers for ever distant be that cold and languid tie!" returned the englishman passionately; "that tie which nature never imposed,

which cold, erroneous policy invented, which interest or ambition may adopt for narrow, selfish views, but which the nature Ida worships, the love she breathes and feels, can never submit to. For her a sweeter, gentler destiny is formed, the secret union of two doating hearts; the sacred, soft community of souls; the tender, mystic, unknown union, whose tie of bondage is the sway of passion, the wish the license, and the impulse law: where the necessity of deep concealment, dictated by the prejudice of man, gives an eternal zest to stolen bliss; where all is delicate and decent form;—all hidden and exhaustless happiness. It is true I am a slave to fatal circumstances, and now I could not, if I would, make thee in worldly form my wife. But if, in one instance, I am a wretch, is my misery to be without relief, or hope, or

bounds? Am I, from a prejudice contemptible as unnatural, to part with happiness and you for ever?—and are you, violating the laws of that nature you adore, to oppose a partial prejudice (for it is a partial one, disowned by more than half your lovely countrywomen *) to her sacred dictates? Are you, worthy to be the idol of a free and polished people, unrivalled in your native genius, brilliant in your acquired talents, to waste and languish all your rich and sweet perfection amidst the ignorance of slaves in dull, unknown obscurity? Oh! sweet Ida, deceive not yourself, destroy not me! Italy awaits to crown you with its applause; England shall acknowledge and worship your talents and your charms! The world in which you

* The greek-Turks.

shall appear a sparkling meteor shall confess the sweet supremacy of attic talent and ionian beauty. Let others ravish from your country the ruined fragments of its former glory, but for me, oh! be it still reserved to bear away a nobler prize, and shew the lovely inspiration from whence athenian genius drew its splendour! Ida! adored, beloved! this hour is ours and love's! the next may be devoted to misery and to despair—may consign to everlasting suffering the man who loves, and to everlasting obscurity she who is beloved! If not as a lover, fly at least with me as a friend; confide in my integrity, if not in my affection. I have come hither by the Engia, my boat waits at the shore; your father revels, suspicion slumbers. In an hour we shall be at Piræus; before dawn we may have reached the shores

of the Morea; and favouring gales in a few days shall convey us safe to Italy!"

The englishman paused. It was in the countenance of Ida he sought to trace the influence of his sophistry over her mind; he believed her ambitious, he knew her tender; he perceived her influenced by a lurking resentment towards another; he observed her dissolved by a growing partiality for himself; he thought the pre-existing feelings of the pleasure-loving Ariadne, the sudden intimation of his immediate departure, the hour, the air, the very place, all-favourable to a proposal, which was not aimed at the strength of her mind but at the weakness of her character. He mistook the tender languor of national manners, the unguarded vivacity of an innocent and animated character (ignorant of, and uninfluenced by the forms of that

world in which he lived, and whose licentiousness and decorum are so intimately and so frequently united); considering only systematic morals, he believed that those of an athenian could not be very rigid; and that her talents in the ambition they awakened would have been advocates in his favour, which even her affection for her family could not have withstood. In a word, the character of her manners had misled him as to the force and the principles of her mind, and her exquisite susceptibility to every existing impression was his assurance that her capability of resistance was by no means proportioned to the nature and strength of the temptation now, and perhaps for the first time, thrown in her way. In her mutable and eloquent countenance a thousand varying expressions were alternately registered; she had

listened to him with her head drooping on her shoulder, yet, with a motion almost convulsive, frequently thrown back, or gently waved. She blushed when he described a union which love only sanctioned, and averted her face; her eye sparkled when he described the effect her genius and her charms would produce in a country whose applause she would have considered immortality. But before he ceased she had covered her face with her veil, and a long silence ensued; the englishman trembled between hope and fear at a deliberation that awakened both. At last, Ida withdrew her veil, and fixed her eyes on his face: he could not support their glance, they seemed to penetrate his soul; yet their beam was moderated by an expression of tender pity, such as the error of man inspires in the bosom of benevolent philosophy.

Her calm and innocent smile appalled him, and she thus addressed him.

"It is a profound ignorance that regulates the manners of the world by the limited experience of an obscure individual; had a turk addressed me in your words, he would have spoken according to those manners and laws which (however erroneous) are those of his country and his habits, and he would have been heard more in pity than in anger; had a greek so spoken, he would have offered insult and indignity, and he would have been abandoned in resentment and contempt. But you are an englishman; I am a stranger to your country, to its manners, to its morals, but not to its laws or the forms of its religion: but if, according to the existing system of the former, you neither attempt to insult nor to mislead me; according to the dictates and in-

fluence of the latter, you stand yourself accused, and are yourself misled. The nature that breathes love into the soul of man when it is first quickened, regulates the impulse to his felicity; makes it the great bond of social happiness, dictates to the law that governs him, and to the religion he worships, the sweet necessity of limiting the vague propensity of idle passion to the hallowed object of a pure and undivided tenderness; raises the roving lover to the citizen-husband and the patriot father; and consecrates the mistress with the holy character of wife and mother. Thus nature dictates, and nations still obey, under, indeed, various laws and various modes; yet nature still preserves her right, and, even violated, still beholds their retribution*.

* See note (z).

However the manners of your country vary, in England as in Greece the law and the religion dictate wedded love. In every age of civilized society, however dissolute the people, or depraved their morals, the sage philosopher, the poet, and philanthropist, have taught how much the happiness of parent, child, and kindred, hang on the consecrated tie of legal, licensed tenderness. It is among slaves unsanctioned love alone prevails; but in free and polished states, those who hold a part in the community, who form a link in the great social chain, stand to that community, not accountable for themselves alone, but for the offspring they enrol beneath its banners; they are citizens, they may be patriots; but how can they be either, who blush to own the child of hidden love, or * hear the dear

* See note (* a).

and sacred name of husband? Oh, no! deceived perhaps yourself, me you cannot blind; my woman's fondness and my woman's pride tell me more eloquently than ever you can speak, the first great proof which man can give of love to woman is to acknowledge her to all the object of his choice and preference; to glory in his dear election; to claim for her the world's high sanction and the world's esteem; and still to hold her up the intimate associate of his being, his life's companion, and his bosom's friend. Who offers less may glow with passion, but knows not what it is to love; who less receives may know a transient dream of bliss, but solid happiness or lasting peace can never be hers. Society, still jealous of its rights, will first abandon her; and, when the lover follows, that heart must be depraved and lost to every

natural sense of happiness that breaks not in the trial. Stranger, amiable and dangerous, I forgive you."

She paused, and for a moment her firmness forsook her; wounded pride, wounded delicacy, had their period of feelings, the tears chased each other down her cheek, and she continued—"I love my country in proportion as I pity it; I love my family in proportion as I am necessary to it; my tender friendship for you (for as yet it is not more), my love of polished society, my vanity, and my ambition, all lead me to your wonderous, to your free, your great, and prosperous country; but ties of duty and of heart bind me here. You go, and, haply, never more shall I meet one to equal you; your character, indeed, resembles not that which elicited my youthful heart's fond homage; but it still possessed such qualities as found

their sympathies in mine. Less perfect than my love's first idol, it was charming in its errors and dangerous in its faults; its influence might have increased: I tremble at the possibility, and behold you depart with less affliction. Go!—you are the native of the first, the happiest country upon earth; your services are its due. I am the native of an oppressed land, and my affections are its claim. I forgive you; I will endeavour to forget you.—Farewel!"

She pressed the hands of the englishman to her forehead and to her eyes; he endeavoured to catch and hold her to his heart, but she escaped from his embrace; his arms were held out to detain her, but she had fled: he followed; but she was already beyond the power of pursuit. Overwhelmed, bewildered, distracted by a thousand conflicting passions, with a wild and

hurried step he walked towards the house. As he approached he beheld Stamati and the archon in the kiosk; they were both intoxicated; and though it was midnight appeared to have no intention of concluding their orgies. He fled from the house in the apprehension of meeting them; he wandered along the sea-coast in a perturbation he was unable to subdue. Pride and mortification, love and disappointment, agitated his heart; profound chagrin at the consciousness of his deficient penetration into a character, which, though so versatile, so unguarded, was yet so prudent; the check which his vanity received at the moment he believed his hopes touched on the point of their consummation; the suspicion that a lingering love for another influenced her rejection of his well-timed and artful proposals; irritated his mind, de-

based him in his own opinion, and rendered Ida equally the object of his resentment as his love. But little inured to reflection, and little capable of supporting the vicissitudes of hope, he sought to soothe his mortified feelings by the belief that her resistance was less the result of her virtue than of her art; and that if she decidedly and scornfully rejected the offer of becoming his mistress, it was in the secret expectation of triumphing over his prudence by becoming his wife. This belief alone determined him to oppose art to art, not to suffer himself to become the dupe of an inexperienced girl, whose brilliant talents dazzled rather than convinced him; and who, though she had made him a convert in sentiment, had not yet the power to conquer his habits, to change his pursuits, or destroy the influence of those maxims

and opinions which had hitherto governed his actions and influenced his life.

But to calculate on the result of what time might effect, perseverance produce, and artifice accomplish, was equally unavailing, when a few hours only were allotted him to remain in Athens. Views of ambition might have been postponed—affairs of a private nature might have been delayed; but before the urgency of public business, of official dispatch, all considerations of an individual nature gave way. This consciousness, added to the certainty that he already neglected the serious duties of his station by his lengthened residence at Athens, irritated every feeling, deprived him of all temper, and destroyed at once the transient calm into which self-love had soothed him. He had now reached

the boat, and found his rowers slumbering on their oars, when he suddenly recollected he had left his letters and papers behind him in the bath-room. Thither he returned; his heart beat with all its wonted ardour of pulsation as he approached the spot where some of the most powerful emotions of his being had been called into existence. A faint hope that Ida might still be there added to his perturbation; he reached the portico, its shining pillars were still hung with the wreaths her hands had woven, were still hung with the ornaments her pure and classic taste devised. He looked round him; the dewy grass was even yet scattered with the flowers she had gracefully flung on its surface, during the airy mazes of her poetic movements. The deity of summer, the tutelar guide of Theseus, was again present to his view

in all the bloom of beauty and harmony of motion. He turned towards the bath-room, and paused as he entered, to gaze and to remember. It was now obscure and empty; but the couch remained where he had first beheld her, blending in her form and countenance the attributes of innocence and pleasure, of feeling and repose; that couch, where with eloquence and truth she had preached the virtue which nature inspires, which the reason and well-being of society confirm. He threw himself on the sopha, and doubted it was possible he could shed those tears that dewed the pillow where the head of Ida had once reposed, and which now relieved the painful throbbing of his own. The unfrequent guests, as they rose in his eyes, called forth the indignation of his humbled mind; he could scarcely credit a weakness that

found no precedent in his recollection, and that appeared to him the mere romance of school-boy feelings rather than the passion of a man. The conviction of his own debility was too painful, too mortifying, to be supported; he arose, and hurried through the gardens to the shore. He threw himself along a bench in the boat, arraigned the fatality that had led him to the shores of the Engia, and envied the feelings of the poor greek slaves, who plied their oars with thoughtless gaiety, and cheered their labours with a hymn to the sacred Panaghea, or a tale of the feats of Lambro Canziani.

NOTES

TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

(a) P. 3. "During the Bairam*," says De Tott, "the turks newly clad, thoroughly absolved, and always well armed, think they may perpetrate every thing with impunity, and exact what they think proper from the unhappy greeks." From the age of fourteen the greeks annually pay a poll tax at the Bairam, and many of the greek turks drink freely during its celebration.

(b) P. 7. "The greeks, in the midst of slavery, never leave their country but on urgent business, and return to it with eager fondness, as the only place capable of yielding true enjoyment."

See De Guy's Voyage literaire de la Grece.

* The Bairam answers to the Easter of the christians.

(c) P. 8. " The testimony of modern travellers confirms the evidence of antiquity, that the shores and islands of the Archipelago produce more elegant and liberal forms, and features more animated and expressive, with fewer individual imperfections and more of general nature, than can be found in the other divisions of the world."

Gillies' Greece, Vol. 2, chap. 3.

" They might still be compared," says Olivier, " from their features and their forms, to the most beautiful models that antiquity has transmitted us."

(d) P. 13. The Kiaya Cadun, the intendante, or chief gouvernante of the harem.

(e) P. 19. " Every where," says Stuart, " are to be met fragments of ancient marbles, pieces of ruined sculpture, and architectural ornaments, " Nous y en vimes," says Spon, " dans les jardins et memes dans les cheminées."

(f) P. 20. " The greeks when they have the favour of government, and think they may trespass against the laws, generally begin in the particular of building; in that case

they know no bounds, but indulge their passion for a sumptuous palace, as the highest method of gratification."

De Guy's Voyage literaire.

(g) P. 25. "Those of the greeks," says De Tott, "who are sufficiently opulent to imitate the turks, are accustomed to sleep in the afternoon, while a slave wafting a fan of feathers renders the air cool and refreshing."

(h) P. 28. Paramana, or, "second mother," the name given to the nurse, who is still in Greece a person of great consideration in the family she serves.

(i) P. 40. The families styled archontic, are eight or ten in number, and mostly on the decline. According to the accounts of all modern travellers, they are the most haughty and the proudest persons in the world.

(k) P. 40. The greek merchant trades into all the neighbouring seas, but, says Sonnini, "he gives himself up only by stealth to the speculations of commerce; and if they make any display through too great success, he trembles for his fortune, sometimes even for his life." *Voyage en Grece*, p. 77.

(l) P. 48. "The greeks," says De Tott, "betray a mixture of greek and turkish manners; a little lamp burning before the Panaghea, or Virgin, sheds its light at the same time on the young slaves engaged in preparing offices of indulgence and indolence for their luxurious masters."

(m) P. 58. "National and filial affections are virtues still subsisting without diminution in Greece," says the abbé Sewin; and De Guy adds, "Domestic scenes are to be met with in Greece, only to be found among the patriarchs. How cold, how superficial, are our manners to theirs!"

(n) P. 63. "The greek in his cups," asserts Habesci, "is lively and enterprising, always ready to dethrone the ottoman monarch, that he may restore the empire to the greeks and christians."

(o) P. 65. Polybius ascribes the most extraordinary effects to greek music so late as a century before Christ; even still the art is not wholly lost in Greece. Olivier extols the musical powers of a young Lesbian, Petraki Tangros, whom he met with in Lesbos;

and Savary, speaking of an improvisatori, whose performance delighted him in the neighbourhood of mount Ida, adds, " His mournful and melancholy music imitating the accents of romance, excited in the mind a powerful feeling; his performance was greatly varied, and some of his passages, which were extremely tender, compelled both the heart and the ear to listen to his melodious tones. *Lettres sur la Grece*, p. 271.

(p) P. 67. The modern greek festival, according to De Guys, never finishes without an epigrammatic song or catch, accompanied by a lyre, which resembles that of Orpheus as described by Virgil. That the ancient as well as modern greeks knew nothing of singing in parts is supposed by Barretti, Rousseau, and Burney, but ignorance of counterpoint is no preventive of catch singing. The scolia, by some ascribed to Alceus, and by some to the poetess Praxyla, were anciently sung in one joyous chorus, and sometimes by turns, and at regular intervals.

(q) P. 72. " L'air de tout le pays, est

bon," says Spon, " et particulièrement, celui d'Athenes ce qui étoit la cause quelle produisoit des esprits subtils, et propres aux sciences, comme le dit, Ciceron ; et quoique les atheniens, ne s'y appliquent, que très rarement, depuis qu'ils sont tombés dans la domination othoman, on ne laissé pas de remarquer, en eux, une politesse d'ésprit naturelle, et beaucoup d'addresse, dans tout les affaires qu'ils entreprennent."

(r) P. 74. "La langue, des grecs d'Athenes, est plus pure, que celui, des isles de l'Archipelago, on il y a plus d'Italienne melé."

Spon, p. 254.

The intercourse with the venetians contributed to introduce and fix the Italian language among the athenians.

(s) P. 99. The greeks, still devoted to luxury, as far as it lies within their limited power of acquisition, are still apt to imitate the refinements of other nations. See monsieur Savary's account of an entertainment he was invited to in Crete, and baron de Tott's dinner with a greek drogueman *.

* Dinner was served in the French style, a circu-

(t) P. 101. "No woman of any character in Greece," says de Guys, "goes out alone; she must at least have one servant with her; those whose vanity induces them to make an ostentatious display of their grandeur have many slaves to attend them:" he adds, "that the jewels of a greek lady, carried by one of her attendants, are never put on till she arrives at the house where her visit is to be paid." This is an ancient custom, and more than once alluded to in Terrence's plays.

(u) P. 114. Some of those beautiful fragments which formed a part of the frieze of the cell in the temple of Minerva are now to be seen in the collection of lord Elgin.

(w) P. 145. Stelæ, or pillars, on which the names and families of the deceased were inscribed, together with the tributary effusions of friends or relations, were common to every monument of distinction. Errine,

lar table with chairs round it, spoons and forks, in short, nothing was wanting but the habit of making use of them." *Vol.* 1, *page* 134.

the poetess and cotemporary with Sappho, celebrated for her beauty, her talents, and her untimely fall, alludes to those pillars in her affecting elegy to a departed companion.

"Say ye cold pillars, and thou weeping urn,
And sculptured syrens that appear to mourn—"

De Guys and other modern travellers assert, that many of those stelæ now form the ornaments of the greek and turkish gardens.

(x) P. 160. "Au retour du printemps dans toute l'Attique a Sparte dans l'Arcadie, les adolescens, et les vierges, un couronné de chene et des roses, le sein pare des fleurs nouvelle et vetus a la legere, couroient dans les bois, informant des danses pastorelles."

Garnery sur les danses Grecques.

And "the present Greeks," says De Guys, "often exhibit an exact image of the ancient choir of greek nymphs, when with their arms interlaced they dance through the woods, and recal the memory of those descriptions the poets have left us."

"About twenty young girls," says Savary, in his Letters on Greece, "dressed in white, with flowing robes and braided locks, entered the apartment, led by a youth who played on the lyre, which he accompanied with his voice: they ranged themselves in a ring and invited me to dance; the circle they made was singular from the manner in which it was formed." *Lettre* 16, *Vol.* 1.

(y) P. 164. The peasants of Athens perform the dance of Ariadne yearly, at the conclusion of the vintage, joining their hands, and preceded by mules and asses laden with grapes in panniers.

The Phyric dance is also performed by the sphakiots, or natives of the hills of Sphahi in Crete, which they dance in the ancient dress. *See Belon, Savary, and other modern travellers in Greece.*

(z) P. 201. The religion and the laws of the Turks restrain them to four wives, the first of whom governs the others. "I had an opportunity," says baron De Tott, "of personal information from my turkish friends,

that, except in the instance of some new slave who may excite curiosity, the harem inspires them only with disgust."

Preliminary Discourse, p. 83.

It is thus wherever a law is made contrary to nature, she is sure to counteract its effects and to assert her own rights.

(* a) P. 202. "A little child of about four years old, with naked feet, and wretchedly clad, ran to kiss the hands of Murad Mollach. The Mollach caresses him, calls my attention to the child, and asks him, 'Who is thy father?' 'You!' replies he with animation. 'And, what is thy name?' 'Jusuf.' 'But who is thy mother?' 'Katidge.'—'Ah! Katidge, indeed!' says the effendi to me, 'I did not know him.' 'How! do you not know either your own children or their mothers? If your heart is a stranger to such feelings as these, what is there can interest it!"

De Tott, p. 83.

The baron De Tott adds to the enumeration of the miseries attendant upon the libertinism of the Turks, that even the bro-

thers and sisters, being of different mothers, differ in no respect from slaves collected in the same house, and are occupied by a jealousy which constantly animates them against each other.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

T. Davison, Printer,
White-friars

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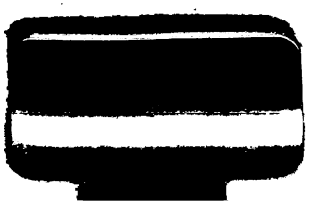
M 9925

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